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CONFLICT OF CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

The philosophy of the past century has been decidedly practical. Fascinating by its apparent sympathy with humanity and its interests, it has enlisted adherents among all ranks and classes of men; she threatens to hurl our old fashioned religion from her throne, she sits even now by her throne like the prime minister in a constitutional monarchy, and imperiously demands that by her standard alone shall be judged every act and every opinion of mankind.

When Adam Smith published his celebrated inquiry into the nature and causes of the wealth of nations, he prepared the way for the erection of a new philosophy which was destined to absorb all others in its comprehensive grasp. Viewed merely as an historical array of facts, it is a valuable and an interesting work, but it created the school of political economy, a school which has in its operations caused more desolation to the heart of humanity than all other systems of philosophy together.

The Wealth of Nations had not long been published before, (as if

Providence intended to open the eyes of mankind to the fallacy of the doctrines which it was destined to engender,) Europe passed through a crisis unexampled in the history either of nations or of humanity; all the old landmarks which had been erected by time, by religion, by superstition and by circumstances, were in some countries swept away, in others rudely assailed, in all fearfully shaken. Then were the rights of man most boldly proclaimed by a people who had before bowed most submissively to the will of a monarch, and then too was it that that people, whose proud boast it was, that they were the freest people on the earth, almost unanimously buckled on their armour to fight for the establishment of despotism, and ran a mad crusade against all who in any land dared advocate the cause of human freedom.

It was during these five and twenty years of tumult, war and confusion, that the philosophy of political economy was nurtured into existence. It is under the influence of this philosophy that the world

for fifty years past has been governed. It has gradually advanced with triumphant steps until it has nearly effected the conquest of Christendom. Its professors are not merely doctors, philosophers and statesmen; illustrious divines have paid homage at her shrine, and swelled the catalogue of her hierophants. Our morals and ethical philosophy are modelled after her teachings; even the doctrines of our religion are submitted to her censorship, and the precepts of Christ are not regarded as orthodox if they come into conflict with her inspirations. And yet one of the strangest phenomena connected with this triumphant philosophy is, that while it arrogantly claims the homage of the world, it is internally in a state of uncertainty if not of total anarchy. The great points whereon it unfolds itself are vague, undefined, unsatisfactory, contradictory. We know not for a certainty what is rent, how it is distinguished from profit; we are left in doubt as to the nature of capital; we do not know how to distinguish accurately between labour and capital, and to this day it has failed to give us any clear notion of the nature, use and actual value of money. In one point only is this philosophy consistent and persistent; that is in the doctrine, that production and accumulation are the great ends of existence; and that the aggregate of accumulation is the test of a nation's prosperity.

The fault of almost every system of philosophy, perhaps of every one, will generally be found to consist, not in the enunciation but in the extreme deduction of its principles. A practical examination of the doctrines of political economy has long since convinced us that this is eminently the evil of this philosophy; that while it is founded on truth, and therefore if faithfully put in

practice must be of ultimate benefit to humanity, yet it has been cultivated with a view to one species of development only, and that its great practical fault is, that it concerns itself only with the wealth of nations, regards the mass of mankind too much as labour machines, and dazzled with the splendid results of well directed labour and enterprise, it has lost all sympathy with the unhappy multitude whose humble lot it is to obey intelligent thought, yield obedience to capital, and receiving but the scanty remuneration of a day's pay for a day's work, contribute by their united effort to the great result, the sole object and end of the economist's dream.

Actuated by the principles of the new philosophy, the world has rapidly advanced in a course of apparent prosperity until it has nearly reached a crisis that cannot be averted, at the prospect of which it may be profitable to pause and reflect. We whose destinies place us rather on the outskirts of the social system of Christendom, and are not yet engulfed in the great malstrom caused by the workings of political philosophy, may view calmly the condition of the rest of the world, and though we cannot protect ourselves from the influences which under the law of society must make us in a greater or less degree the sharer of each other's fortunes, we may still adopt such measures as may succeed in diminishing the force of the blow, and protecting ourselves from the extreme pains of the catastrophe.

The great result already accomplished by the practical operation of the political philosophy, that which threatens to effect a revolution more terrible than any yet witnessed by the world, is the fearful strife which it has established between capital and labour.

So imperceptibly has this been

effected, that its progress has been scarcely perceived; and even now, the terrible phenomenon is known to most persons only by the philosophic exposition of its cause. It is the natural result of the workings of a natural system; the result of the relation between demand and supply.

That there is error somewhere is apparent from this simple fact: The world has enjoyed two score years of almost uninterrupted prosperity. Its accumulations are enormous, but the demand for skill, industry and energetic labour has scarcely intermitted for a moment. National prosperity is common, and the wealth of individuals would be considered fabulous, were it not so common, and yet from all accounts the mass of the industrial class appear to be excluded from this general condition of happiness. Society therefore presents the appalling feature, that while a nation becomes richer, the people have become poorer.

This paradox is a fact. It forms the basis of all thought; it forms the staple of a large part of our literature. It is the rock on which governments and societies are yet destined to split.

Some years since, a party was formed in England, which proposed to remedy social and moral abuses by political reforms. With a huge mass of suffering poor to act upon, it was suggested perhaps by designing politicians, that a political reform would remedy all social abuses, and a charter, or extension of the right of suffrage was the panacea for the pressing evil of poverty. It would be a fearful thing to put political power into the hands of men burning under a sense of wrong, and by skillful management the ill devised schemes of the chartists were brought to a miserable abortion ten years ago. But however

misdirected and thwarted, the cause is that of suffering humanity, and though baffled for the time, will in all probability ultimately prevail. That was the first systematic effort of labour in the great conflict with capital, and the first victory which the latter has to record. It requires no prophetic spirit to foretell that as soon as the arms employed are those of the animal merely, that the tables must be turned—and the calamities which would follow such a result can be prevented only by adopting such a system of tactics as will prevent the actual collision. Hitherto the moral arm of capital is drawn only from the armory of the political philosophy.

Thus not long before the discomfiture of the chartists, when some poor operatives in London, goaded to desperation by their unhappy position, their wretched condition made still worse by the measures adopted by their employers for increasing their own gains at the cost of their unhappy workmen's lives, presented to her majesty's ministers a humble petition for redress, they were told that their case was beyond the aid of government; that the remuneration of labour depends upon the demand and supply, and that their own numbers were the cause of their misfortunes. Diminish your numbers and you will improve your condition. I do not know that it was in their power to give any other answer, but what was it in effect but to tell them to go home and die. A more terrible application of the Malthusian doctrines can never be conceived, and it is all the more terrible because fatally and inevitably true. If her majesty's ministers were correct, the great fact in political philosophy as evidenced by the condition of the working classes at that time was, that it was expedient that one-fourth of the people of England should leave

their country, or perhaps a larger number voluntarily cut themselves off from their common humanity, renounce the natural desire for conjugal and parental enjoyment, in order that the rest may enjoy them without suffering. And supposing this possible, the relief can be but temporary. As nature fills up the gap thus forcibly made, the same causes will reproduce the same effects, to be again remedied only by the same violent and unnatural processes—and thus are the unhappy people forever doomed to wander in this vicious circle, with no hope but in death, no relief but in the grave.

This is a practical illustration of the paradox in political philosophy, that a country may be prosperous while its people are wretched.

There were formerly in England as in the rest of Europe, numerous small farms, each occupied by a tenant who paid his rent, and by labour of his family, and occasionally perhaps with the aid of a hired servant, contrived to maintain, in more or less comfort, his growing family. The histories of these farms would, if they could be studied, present a varied picture of prosperity and adversity, of wealth acquired, and of ruin incurred. By the custom—sometimes by the laws of the country, the occupant, if not the owner, had a right to renew his titles, so that he gave to the soil the affection of a proprietor and regarded it with reverence as the certain asylum of his family.

Poor was the humble farmer, and doubtless often through ignorance and poverty labour was misapplied, and capital failed to reproduce itself in the most effective manner, but contentment and independence were his characteristics, and if the luxuries of life were denied him, he spurned with contempt and abhorrence the dole which as a pauper

he might legitimately claim—and the hope of securing a nestling place for his old age, where in the sight and under the shade of his own fruit tree he might spend the evening of his days, doubtless nerved the heart of many a laborer as he went out to his daily toil, and secured him from the voice of the tempter, when she urged him to spend his little earnings in the gratification of a transient desire. It is this hope which now animates those children of Savoy who with their monkies and their hurdygurdies, visit even our own land, and gather coppers from our delighted children. A little glen in the snow bound Alps is for them covered with all the warmth of childhood's recollections, and the one great blessing of their life is the prospect of returning to it, with the means of becoming its possessor. Some such sentiment once doubtless animated the English peasant. But the demon of political philosophy entered and the whole scene is changed. As fast as leases fell in, they were extinguished; the small farms disappeared; and the once independent landholder found himself compelled to become a labourer on the land he had once cultivated as a master. The political economists of England generally commend this as the greatest improvement which has ever been effected. The whole kingdom is now cultivated under the joint auspices of capital and intelligence. Perfect cultivation insures plenty, and famine is now impossible. But it must be recollected that all the profits now inure to the capitalists. The landlord gets his rent, and the laborer his daily wages. A middle man now comes in, and to him inures all the benefit of this change so highly commended. But it has marshalled the forces which are now arrayed against each other under the banners of capital and la-

bour. The small farmer once stood between, as representing both parties. He has been driven from his neutral ground. He has gone to swell that great army which by a strange paradox becomes more weak as it gains strength, and when he complains of his hard lot, he is told, and truly told, that his case is hopeless.

But why hopeless? for the best of all reasons. By the great law of nature and of society, every man has a right to improve his condition. By the plain law of common sense every one should buy as cheaply and sell as dearly as he can; and if the landlord finds that his interest is advanced by letting to the large capitalist, every principle of interest and of convenience will urge him to do the best with his own. So far as he is individually concerned as a land owner, he violates no principle of law, of religion, or of common sense, when he lets his land to the best bidder.

As between the capitalist too and the labourer, the former acts under a necessity. However ample his stores, they have a limit, and he cannot give employment to more than a given number of persons. If more than that number apply for work, he must either refuse or, if he take them, divide among all the sum which had originally been intended for a smaller number. But this is not the wages of industry, but a sort of alms-giving. And when the number of applicants for work increases, labour comes in conflict with itself; necessity drives them to work not for fair wages but for the bare means of subsistence; the labourer sinks, sinks perhaps because that great natural yearning of man to possess a homestead has been hopelessly quenched; and the capitalist thrives. But no injury is done to any one. The labourer is at war with himself. The capitalist

would help him if he could; but the destiny of the labourer operates against him. If his reason is not blunted by his misery, he must acknowledge that he is himself the sole cause of all his wretchedness.

If the devil ever laughs, I imagine his cachinnations must be immoderate when he witnesses the dexterity with which political economy harmonizes her instructions with those of holy writ. See whole tracts of territory in the north of Scotland which yield a scanty revenue to their proprietors. A rude race of semi-savages occupy it, who yield to their landlords a large supply of loyalty, but a beggarly amount of specie. Sheep-walks in this country would yield a large revenue. In obedience to the dictates of enlightened economy, sheep are sent to those inhospitable regions, and the old Celtic inhabitants compelled to retire before the innocent brutes. Is there any wrong in this? Was the proprietor under any obligation, not of law, but of morals or of conscience, to renew these leases after they had fallen in, and for the gratification of a romantic sentiment let slip the tide in his affairs which promised to lead him on to fortune? If so what becomes of the right of property? Is the landholder the only man in all England who has no right to exercise his liberty in the management of his affairs? As reasonably deny to the manufacturer the use of the agency of steam, or break up the printing press in order that the scribe may flourish. It is impossible but that evil will exist; even a change for the better may be accompanied by circumstances painful to contemplate, but all partial evil is universal good. There is no doubt but that the change has advanced the prosperity of the country. We have large flocks of sheep; wool is furnished to spinners at rates lower than were ever before known.

It was a hard trial to expatriate the Celts, but they have been gainers by the change. Some are spinning the wool of the sheep which have taken possession of their old homes; others are engaged in raising the abundant crops which now bless the country; others have found independent and happy homes in Australia and America.

Non ragionem di loro ma guarda e passa,

forget the little hardships of this enterprise and rest your eyes on the unexampled prosperity of the country.

We cannot return any rational answer to all this. The facts stare you in the face; they are undeniable. The rich are certainly acting no unnatural or tyrannical part. Their hearts bleed for distress which they would willingly aid, and when appeals are made for their charity they are never made in vain. But it is not charity which is wanted. The great desideratum is that the poor shall exist independent of charity; that they should be able to help themselves. But here the fatal fact presents itself. They are powerless through their own instrumentality. They reproduce themselves. They are more than are required by the country even in her condition of unexampled prosperity. They cannot be helped from without; their case is hopeless.

This is the language of reason; not of that reason which has been refined and enlightened by the teaching of political philosophy, but of that plain common sense with which nature has endowed most men. To all this what shall we say?

Something perhaps not very much in accordance with reason, but not repugnant to either common sense or religion. So surely as God is the ruler of the Universe, this state of things must be in opposition to his will, and cannot endure. It

cannot be the will of God that his creatures shall exist in hopeless degradation, toiling harder than slaves, with none of the slave's security for repose when the night shall come in which he cannot work. The philosophy which has produced those results is the offspring of the devil, and it cannot be God's will that the devil shall govern the destinies of this world. The prosperity that imposes a worse degradation than slavery on a whole class is not righteous prosperity. It is devilish in its origin, devilish in its results, and devilish will be the catastrophe which will overturn it, unless God directly interfere to save the country from the most terrible revolution which the world has ever yet imagined.

Circumstances have thus far preserved our own country from experiencing in so high a degree the baleful effects of the workings of the political philosophy; but there is no reason to hope that she will not in time come in for her full share of all its terrible results. It is confidently asserted by the public journals that one-sixth of the population of New York city have during the past winter been recipients of charity. What would have been the proportion had not a merciful Providence sent a mild winter to temper the terrible storm which the cupidity and alarm of wealth had spread over the face of the country. For all panics and commercial convulsions are but necessary parts and accidents of the whole system, often systematically brought about to increase the profits of capital—one of those cases wherein capital engages in a skirmish with capital, and by expending itself in the mad conflict, results at last in riveting still more the chains by which it binds labour to its hopeless task. It is a mad game which cupidity plays, regardless of

its consequences; and a fearful spectacle to behold thousands of men deprived of the means of earning an honest livelihood because a few capitalists chose to battle with each other; or because with the unerring instinct of their class they perceive that it will be safer for a time to suspend their operations and permit labor meanwhile to take care of itself. But our country still presents a refuge; land may yet be had where the poor may find independence, and retire safe from the storm excited by the cupidity of speculators.

Connected with the subject, I shall mention one phasis which even now works with fearful energy amongst us, and which calls for notice and redress, inasmuch as it is a growing evil, and appears destined to affect deeply both our happiness and our character. In every society there is a class of persons, gentlemen of education and refinement, on whom fortune has not smiled, and who from habit and other causes are unable to enter courageously into competition for her favours. Such persons take refuge from the cares of the world in offices of profit and trust, and depend not upon the contingencies of fortune, but upon a fixed salary. This is a sore temptation to one who has found himself sinking before the trials and hardships of an unsuccessful struggle; and so greedily are these salaries sought, that it is hard to believe that however amply they may remunerate the labours of an individual, there are few which would warrant the incumbent in burthening himself with the cares of a family. The demands of a family, however, generally constitute the consideration on which they are disposed, and the candidate enters on the enjoyment of his office as into a haven of rest.

We need not follow those whose

duties call for nothing but office work, through the economies and shifts by which they contrive to preserve a genteel appearance on scanty means. But the case becomes one of public interest when trust is added to labour. The unhappy man who has gone into office with the purest intentions, is exposed to the sorest of temptations. Privation at home, and large sums pass, perhaps, through his hands. How small a part of this abundance would make his loved ones happy. A strong man will not bend, but we are not all strong. The really strong man will not be there; his strength leads him to battle in the world. The unhappy man is there because he is weak. He makes the fatal observation that they whose duty it is to watch into the manner in which he discharges his trust, and are well paid for it, are negligent, and he succumbs to the temptation. Our country is fearfully characterized by defaulters. It cannot be that dishonest men have so often successfully deluded their fellows. It is that human weakness cannot always resist strong temptation, and the unhappy victim is at least pure in spirit, until, having stepped once into the tortuous path of deceit, he finds himself entangled in its mazes, and wakes up at last to find himself a criminal.

I have briefly attempted to describe the position of the parties in the conflict between capital and labour, and have tried to show the weakness and hopelessness of the latter. Is there any remedy for the evils under which it appears destined to pine?

The principles of political philosophy seem to incline to the doctrine that all legislation on this subject would be unwise. Appealing powerfully at the same time to the instincts of nature and of education, it naturally finds favor with the rich,

because it urges them to make the best use of their advantages. It reads the same lesson to the poor; it is impartial in its instructions; but the lesson is a mockery to the poor man. The instinct of self-preservation sometimes directs the rich man to do nothing; to live upon his accumulated capital, and wait quietly until a crisis shall have passed away. What then becomes of the poor man? With no accumulated capital to fall back upon, what shall he do when the capitalist prefers stagnation to actual loss? God alone knows. Political philosophy provides for no such crisis. Religion does; but her provision is charity. Shall this then be the hope of the labourer; the sturdy, independent, hard-fisted man, who, by his ever renewed courage, has hammered out the national prosperity, at which the world has not ceased to wonder. If charity is the sole result of this system, it must be an imposture, and the time must come when its fallacy will be demonstrated in a way which will put its votaries to confusion.

It has been said that the countries of Europe which have made least progress in wealth are those which are most under the influence of the Catholic religion, and the reason assigned for this is, that among other causes the frequency of holydays celebrated by that church, diminishes the amount of labor; and hence less progress in wealth. If there is truth in this reason, it is one of the most significant facts in the history of economy. It proves that in those countries the poor can afford to have a holiday; that their daily wages are more than enough for the day's maintenance, and that if the nation shows no great instances of individual wealth, the mass of the people must be comfortable.

Political economy has never loved

the church of Rome; she exacts too many holidays from the capitalist, and worse still, her priests encourage the poor to marry. This last objection is made in all seriousness by one of the most enlightened economists of the day, Mr. Charles Stuart Mill, who certainly shows more regard for the welfare of the poor than any other writer on the subject, and this leads one to consider the remedies which have been proposed for the existing evils.

Mr. Mill, after warmly commending the continental system of small farms, which he insists are productive of thrift, forethought, and in general, of the highest degree of cultivation, appears to regard England's only hope as consisting in a voluntary and rigid application of the Malthusian philosophy. So upwards of twenty millions of people, oppressed by poverty and labour, with that unthrift which is always the result of hopelessness, are to adopt a system of which they have never heard, and which they cannot understand, to forego the one enjoyment which nature provides for them, which instinct urges upon them, and of which even poverty itself cannot deprive them. Unhappily too, if in some districts, nature and circumstances suggest moral checks to population, art and ingenuity have in others offered a premium for its increase. Women and children can now contribute to the poor man's store, and marriage is at a premium. So great has been the influence of this incitement, that the population of England has, for the last half century, increased at a rate second only to that of the United States, and this has been proudly quoted as an indication of England's great prosperity. With prophetic foresight of the true nature of this prosperity, Malthus, as early as 1798, published his remarkable essay on the principles of pop.

ulation, and notwithstanding the unrivaled prosperity of that country, his true, but impracticable principles are now regarded by the economists as the sheet anchor of hope for the country. Impracticable, because contrary to brute nature, and practiced only by the most prudent in every class, and never resorted to in any but under the influence of hope.

Mr. Carlyle, who is generally regarded as the peculiar organ of the labouring class, proposes two remedies, universal education, and emigration on a large scale. Of the latter, it may be said that however practicable and efficient, it must from its very nature, be temporary. It is only a palliative, which to be permanently successful, must be forever continued; and it would be difficult to estimate the difficulties of an effective system of emigration. The hordes of voluntary emigrants from Ireland do not appear to have had the smallest effect upon the labour market in that country, and if any system should produce that result, it would doubtless be most eagerly opposed by the capitalists, whose profits it would tend to diminish.

With regard to general education, it is impossible to say anything against it, because it can never be aught but advantageous to its subject. But its efficacy has, I think, been overrated. A preliminary inquiry must be made into the possibility of giving instruction to the poor; that is, of the poor finding time to acquire instruction. Even the rich find it a difficult task to force instruction upon their children; how great the labour when it is to be given to those who can only snatch time from the struggle with life? But too much is expected of education. It is expected to work wonders for the poor; does it work wonders for the rich? Does it influ-

ence them as a body, to make any sacrifice for the common cause? Has it led them to think that the evil lies as much with them as with the poor, and has it suggested to them a reformation of their own class? As the smallest numerically, and the strongest morally, a reformation among them is both more feasible and more possible. But the time has passed when they are to assume the functions of the guardians of the poor. The day that cash payment for work done became the system, was the last of the old feudal social dependence. Henceforth the labour became a fourth order in the state, with a rapid tendency to the character of a hostile one. It is all important that the antagonism shall not be one of actual hostility. The difficulties have increased with their change of position, and it is to be feared that any real, efficient reform among the rich is as hopeless as among the poor.

The ruling passion of the age is avarice; not the groveling vice of the miser, but the splendid ambition of the merchant prince. Wherever we go we are oppressed with great speculations. Wealth is insatiable. Fortunes are made so rapidly—fortunes almost fabulous—that every one dreams of the like success for himself. Old time thrifts and economies have lost their respectability; like explorers in a gold region, our faculties are forever on the stretch, excited by the hope of suddenly alighting upon a hidden treasure. The love of gain which properly controlled, is a blessing, has in our day become a frenzy.

And it is this frenzied people, who, looking into the condition of the working classes, have devised every remedy for them, but have utterly failed to seek for one in themselves. All the fault cannot lie on one side of a controversy.

Malthus's dream is not the cure for the disorders of an over worked, wretched people. There is an interpretation of the moral law, which has not been divined by our economists, and it is on this interpretation that depends the regeneration of society; and if the rich and powerful do not read it aright and make the application, it may be taught them by the unhappy victims of their avarice, whose sufferings cannot brook the dilatory cure of Doctor Malthus.

SONNETS.

WHY THE TYRANT?

I.

We make our monsters as we make our Gods!
 The ideal marks the creature. In our aim
 Lies all the difference betwixt pride and shame;
 Thus are we whipt at last by our own rods!
 Thus are we slaves and victims! We create
 The tyrant that subdues us. He but comes
 The creature of our call; and, if he dooms,
 Why groan? We've made him master of our fate!
 The scourge that whips for virtue in decay;
 And, if a tyrant, not for us to curse;
 We needed ere we call'd him—needed worse;
 And proper is submission to the sway
 That chastens to reform us. He may be
 A monster—but what baser things are we!

II.

Take to thyself one living truth, and know
 That never yet, while virtue in a race,
 Presided dominant, did tyrant grow;
 He is God's absolute angel—in his place;
 The best for sway, when men grow weak and base.
 We nurtured him in hot beds of our lust,
 Low aims, and foul desires, and mean pursuits;
 And, it is proper, when men sink to brutes,
 They should be leash'd and scourged! We may not trust
 Free will to those whose will still foully shows;
 Must mock them with denial; nay, give blows,
 And bondage, if it needs! And this is just!
 And though we slay the tyrant when we can,
 He's one of the necessities of man!

ELOQUENCE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Habit operates upon us with so much power that it leads us to crave that which our reason, our judgment and our taste alike condemn as vicious and unprofitable. This reflection which we do not offer as either new or profound, has been forced upon us by a consideration of the present state of eloquence in the United States.

Of all human faculties, that of public speaking has been most extolled, most coveted, most assiduously cultivated. It is questionable whether even that of getting money has not frequently been subordinate to it. At the primary school, as soon as the boy has learned to read with more or less fluency, he mounts the rostrum and there tells how his "voice is still for war;" justifies the death of Cæsar; calls frantically for Liberty or Death; or in pathetic sing-song, tells how a "boy stood on the burning deck" until he was consumed by the flames. At the grammar school, instead of learning to read like a gentleman, he is taught to declaim like an actor or a ranter. At college he grasps at prizes awarded for brilliant declamation, and here his aspiring ambition enters a wider field. Nurseries for declamation are established under the name of Debating Societies, and in these hot-beds of depraved taste, with no censorship but the crude judgments of their young companions, obscurity is mistaken for wisdom, volubility for eloquence, and turgid extravagance for lofty flights of an impassioned imagination. Fascinated by the laurels thus gained, youths who are really clever not unfrequently forego the well earned distinctions which ap-

plication to the proper duties of the college might win from their teachers, in order to enjoy the noisy and frothy applause of the jejune critics of the Society Hall.

In all this they but reflect the public opinion which is above them. Our people religiously believe in the importance of instructing young men in the principles and the art of composition and of speaking. As far as instruction in the principles goes, we say very well. But we demur when the art is made the subject of instruction. The principles may be taught by means of elementary treatises, illustrated by an analysis of some *chef d'œuvre*. Such for example as was made by Dr. Blair, who, after a course of lectures explanatory of the principles of composition illustrates them by a critical analysis of an essay of the Spectator, and of a sermon by Bishop Atterbury. But our public opinion demands that our youth shall be made to write Spectators at least, if not Sermons—that he shall illustrate his instruction by creations of his own. Now, simple as the reply to this demand may appear to those who have really thought on the subject, it has no weight with the multitude. Notwithstanding their simple and unpretending appearance, the Essays of the Spectator are the result of years of patient study and quiet meditation of master minds. The beauties which delight us are not the coruscations of youthful genius, but the steady glow of a well furnished and well trained imagination.—The youth at college may write essays as long, and more labored, but they will be mere words. With

an ill stored mind he cannot be expected to furnish food for thought, though he may enlarge his vocabulary; and many a youth gets the reputation of being a good writer, when he is only stultifying his thinking faculties by the pernicious habit of composing words into sonorous sentences which have neither definite meaning nor object. Of all the incumbents of college chairs, he is most to be pitied to whom is committed the department of composition. If he has taste and judgment, they are sorely tried by the crudities which he is condemned to criticise, and we are doubtful whether it is to be considered a blessing or a misfortune, if under the influence of such dreary torture his taste should accommodate itself to the hard requirements of his position.

The education thus happily commenced is consistently followed up. The aspiring candidate neglects no opportunity of distinguishing himself as a speaker. He is great among the Sons of Temperance, or before the Young Mens' Christian Association. He is a favorite at Ward meetings when a popular election is canvassing, and in those refined assemblies he supports, in strains of ravishing eloquence the claims of his candidate, or denounces in tones of withering contempt the pretensions of his opponent. Great himself, everything becomes great that he handles. If a city marshal is to be elected, he treats the subject as if it were one of national concern. Happily unconscious of the solemn farce in which he is engaged, he performs his part with a gravity which is not affected, and his audience, being accustomed to such exhibitions, are fully as grave and serious as himself. The newspapers notice his brilliant efforts in the language of commendation which would not be unbecoming a

notice of one of the great efforts of Rutledge or of Adams in the times that tried men's souls, and this perverse habit of indiscriminate praise fixes the doom of the orator by securing him for a speech which may have been pretty good for a pot-house, one morning at least of fame.

This vicious habit pursues us everywhere. We have become so much accustomed to it that we are unable to appreciate honor in its breach. Occasions the most incongruous are seized upon for displays of eloquence. A quiet, unpretending and modest member of a Fire Company, or of the order of Rechabites dies. A motion is made, seconded and unanimously adopted, to record and perpetuate his many illustrious virtues; the public is informed of them through the press; a special neatly engrossed copy, is officiously presented to his family, and a blank page in the Minute Book is consecrated to his memory and inscribed with his name. How much purer would be the taste if all the paper wasted in this affectation of respect, had been left absolutely blank!

This purient eloquence finds its way into every document. A report to the Chamber of Commerce is not considered complete without the adornments of rhetoric. Financial reports are not confined to a business-like array of assets and liabilities. The figures of arithmetic must be relieved by the figures of speech, and parties interested sometimes discover when too late that they have been entertained by the essayist, not instructed by the accountant. This is one of the melancholy results of a vicious taste. A ridiculous one is that which exhibits itself in formal addresses to a visitor, whether an individual or a deputation. The idea of making a speech to one who has perhaps traveled for days on our railroads,

fatigued, covered with dust, anxious about his baggage, and yearning after the luxury of clean water to rid himself of his superfluous dust, of a razor to shorten his overgrown beard, to arrest such a person at the railroad depot, and address a labored speech to him amid the chorus of eager hackmen extolling their vehicles and their respective hotels, is surely an infliction which ought not, except for some serious offence, to be imposed upon any one; but to expect him to make a reply in the same strain, under all these discouraging circumstances is to overestimate the force of human nature. The difficulty is to be met only by giving the unfortunate, notice of the nature of the address, so that he may at least have time for preparation, and as they are all equally conscious that they are only rehearsing a scene which is to be reported in the newspapers, it is difficult to conceive the possibility of the actors' preserving their gravity in this solemn operation of humbugging the public.

Presents of swords, silver or gold cups, salvers, &c., &c., from companies or associations furnish a fruitful theme for eloquence, and were it not a sober fact attested by hundreds if not thousands of cases annually, one would be loth to believe that a public could be found who would not only tolerate these exhibitions with patience, but actually go out of their way to enjoy the intellectual treat. We have heard of two speeches called forth by an occasion of this kind which we think so appropriate that we make no apology for introducing them as models worthy of even a literal imitation. A certain military association having determined to compliment their major with a silver mug as a token of their regard, deputed one of the officers to present it to him with an appropriate address at

a military parade. At the time appointed, the captain, mug in hand, stepped up to the major, and presenting it to him said, "Well, Major, here's the mug." To which the major, receiving the present, replied, "Ah, Captain! is this the mug? Thank you;" and thus the ceremony was performed. And there was doubtless more truthfulness, more heartfulness in this scene, than in all the pompous nothings which are got up for no purpose but to enjoy the gratification of seeing one's name in print.

The eloquence of which we have been treating is that which is called forth by extraordinary occasions; but let us now examine the character of that which is developed in its more regular and legitimate fields. We have discussed the eloquence of the volunteer corps, let us now say a few words respecting that of the regular troops of the line.

The pulpit, the bar, and the legislative assembly are the arenas in which this faculty is not only a virtue, but a necessity—where excellence is desirable not only for itself, but for the objects it has in view.

The pulpit is a time honored institution of this country. In the olden time, in New England especially, the pulpit took an active share in all the concerns of the State; a practice by the way which it is still disposed to continue; with this important difference, that then it spoke by authority; its utterances now are impertinences. The sermons which have come down to us from those remote times are not always such as we would commend as models of style, but they are generally animated by a tone of earnestness and of authority, which convince us that to the audiences to which they were addressed, they were truly eloquent—that is, they inspired a spirit of thoughtfulness

and of inquiry, and did not merely please the ear and gratify a prurient desire for fine writing and artificial excitement. The clergy of those days were men of erudition, and naturally used language which we would call pedantic; but they were earnest, pains taking men, who felt the weight of their divine calling, and courageously discharged its duties. After the revolution of 1688 we discover a courtliness in the tone of old Cotton Mather, and the revolution of 1776 having totally changed the relation of things, the pulpit henceforth no longer became the authoritative teacher, but merely the tolerated lecturer; the tone of learning too was lowered, and superficial learning substituted for that sterling old classical training by means of which the grim Puritan prepared himself to grapple with Satan. Now began the struggle for popularity; new doctrines to amuse the fancy and form a rallying point for a party; paradox for straight forward thought, and rhetorical artifice for the honest and unadulterated milk of the word.—The old demands for many and long sermons were made of those who had not the intellectual and moral training of the men who had first set the fashion, and in order to meet the demand, words were substituted for thought. This pernicious habit of frequent preaching has rendered the pulpit nearly as inefficient as the warmest enemy of religion can desire. Preaching has now become a genteel formality, during which ladies and gentlemen endure ennui with well bred politeness. The sermon is generally commended as excellent, and they remain in dreary expectation of another, which shall be equally excellent.

The country abounds in distinguished preachers; but what is the ground of their distinction? They

are merely rhetoricians. People flock to hear them to gratify a morbid taste for eloquence. True eloquence excites no admiration. It leads to action, not applause—and we venture the assertion that in every city in the union, if you find a church in a flourishing condition, with a large congregation at peace with themselves and with their minister, you will always find that the latter has the reputation outside of his congregation of being a dull and prosy preacher. There is more virtue in dull preaching than the world is apt to suppose.

In all countries, ancient as well as modern, the bar is unquestionably the best school of eloquence, and for a very obvious reason. The great aim of the orator is to carry his point, and the persons whom he is to convince are the persons who are actually before him. The successful orator, you may be sure indulges in no useless flights of fancy, no unnecessary display of words; success being all important, he is careful not to hazard it by fatiguing those in whom the decision rests. He despises verbiage because he knows that the best fame is the reputation for success. It is seldom that such lawyers are ever permitted to enter the halls of legislation, and it is melancholy that when there they rarely if ever sustain their reputation.

In this last named arena, the productions of the American tongue abound to excess. The press teems with the speeches of eminent statesmen, (*Qu?* politicians?) A large volume is we believe annually published in which the orations of our Congressmen are embalmed, and it is a common boast that in this department at least of the intellect, we excel every nation on earth. That our Congress should contain a large, an undue proportion of ready speakers is nat-

ural. Its members have usually spoken their way through the several intermediate distinctions in their respective States, and are indebted for their presence at Washington to triumphs achieved at home. But our House of Representatives has long since made the discovery that words are not wisdom, and as a measure of defense against a wordy deluge, has restricted every speaker to the use of but one hour. The Speaker is *ex officio* time keeper of the House, and his inexorable hammer remorselessly extinguishes the eloquence of the collected wisdom of the nation.

As the press is the destroyer of small literary reputations, so, but by a different mode of operation, are the press and the reporter the destroyer of eloquence in our Congress. No man can be truly eloquent who does not speak to carry his point; and to effect this, he must address himself to his audience. Now this is by no means the case with the Congressional orator; he speaks to keep himself before his constituents, or to discharge a duty to his party, or for some other purpose equally personal to himself and foreign to his subject; and he addresses himself ostensibly to his audience, but really to others. His speech would be uttered whether heard or not. He is indifferent about his auditors, he cares only for his readers. Who ever heard of a vote in Congress changed by a speech? And what are all the great speeches delivered there on great questions but addresses to show to their respective constituents that they are not recreant to the trust reposed in them. If a speech is to be judged by its effects, the most impressive ever delivered in Congress was Mr. Sumner's memorable Kansas oration and attack on South Carolina. But by a strange fatality the effect was produced not on those who

heard it but one who had perhaps only read it. And what was the merit of this speech which has elicited the warmest commendations even from the Cicero of America, Mr. Everett? A classical audience would have wondered at the impudence with which the orator had unskillfully borrowed his most striking passages from the world renowned speeches of Demosthenes and Eschines in their celebrated contest respecting the crown, and before such an audience it would have been far less respectable than the oft ridiculed speech of Mr. Cruger, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke." But the slanderer veiled the plagiarist; that scene occurred which has given both the orator and his assailant a questionable reputation, and the sophomorical pulings of a malignant Yankee will henceforth forever find a place among the elegant extracts of American eloquence.

This speech, its plagiarism excepted, may be regarded as a type of Congressional eloquence. Its leading characteristics are intense self laudation, or commendations of the speaker's home and people, and bitter invective against his opponents. Self praise, except in self defense, is offensive to good taste, and the highest flight to which invective can soar, is vehement denunciation. He who desires to study our history will rarely obtain any satisfaction from the perusal of the speeches delivered in the House of Representatives during the last thirty or forty years. With the exception of a few speeches delivered in the Senate, American eloquence is a barren study, and for all practical results to the country, might as well have remained unspoken.

It is rather a sad commentary on our boasted powers of eloquence that our most successful public men have never been distinguished as

speakers. Jefferson and Jackson were dumb; Monroe almost so. Mr. Van Buren had no reputation as a speaker, and if Mr. Pierce and Mr. Buchanan ever gained laurels, they have long since withered. The two Adams were destroyed by their tongues and their pens.

Facility of utterance, or rather facility of speech is one of the most dangerous gifts that a public man can possess, because it continually tempts him to exhibit himself. He fancies that while it keeps his name before the world it increases his reputation, and he is tempted to speak when he has nothing to say. If unfortunately his taste has been influenced by the study of those popular compilations for schools in the shape of "The American Orator," or some other like work, he conceives that these select morceaux are fair speci-

mens of a whole speech, then will his whole oration be on stilts, and instead of a speech relieved by coruscations of eloquence, his whole performance will be dark with excessive brilliancy. He may impose this pinchbeck upon the ignorant for gold, may gain the ear of a clique, and pander for the moment to some unworthy passion, but on the healthy public mind he makes no impression. He on the contrary who really has something to say will never want facility of utterance, and even though his eloquence may halt, he will be listened to with attention and respect. Men are not wholly the tools of party, or the slaves of faction. They are not unwilling to let reason have her sway, and are ever ready to lend a civil ear to one who speaks because he has something to say.

SPEECH OF SORROW.

Hath sorrow then such language? I had thought
Her nature voiceless; a poor weeping mother,
That lost her tongue when losing her first infant,
And, losing motive for all speech in song,
Gave over language! Wherefore should it need
That she should speak? The fiercest griefs declare
Their agonies in silence; though they writhe
With inner tortures, that were death to speak,
As to endure! What need that they should speak,
When silence—where the heart is over-wrought—
Grows to such terrible eloquence, as makes dumb
The rapt spectator? Silence best declares
For sorrow, and she asks no proper voice!

HOPE.

When all was gloom,
And dreary doubt and sorrow in my heart,
She came—as comes the sudden bloom of spring—
As springs the breeze upon the sleeping sea—
As comes the rainbow, arching the black cloud,
With calm in beauty; and her presence made,
For me, sweet sunshine in the shady place.

FUNNY STORIES ABOUT BROTHER MERRY, WHO WAS A DISCHARGED
SOLDIER.

[This admirable story, translated from the *German*, illustrates a certain phase of fanciful invention—compounded of the grotesque and the allegorical—of which we have but few specimens in our own language. Its occasional freedom of reference, which in an English writer might be deemed irreverent, is evidently the offspring of that frank *naïveté* of expression characteristic of the German mind. Moreover, the *moral* is most excellent.]

Brother Merry was one of the bravest lanzknechts of his day. Whenever the trumpet sounded to battle, his pike might be seen in the foremost rank; when a castle was to be stormed, he stood first on the wall or in the breach; in the evening, over the cup, none was a merrier boon companion than he, none bolder with the dice box, none a more dashing blade; and yet for all that, he was a kind-hearted soul. On this account his captain highly esteemed, and the whole company honored and loved him. If he had only not been so full of levity, how many troubles he might have spared himself! And yet, without it, I could not have related the pretty story, which I am now about to tell you.

The war had drained the purses of both princes and people; many a brave warrior lay dead and buried; everybody longed for peace, and therefore they made peace. For you know, peace-making is not so very difficult, provided good sense has gained the upper hand with both parties. Well, so they did not delay long, but they quickly disbanded the lanzknechts, and, however much the latter might swear and protest against such measures—they were nearly all disbanded. Four-pence and a loaf of bread was all they received at their discharge; besides, wooden legs were furnished gratis to all

such as had left their flesh ones on the battle-field. Brother Merry was the only one who did not take it much to heart, when he was thus unceremoniously sent adrift on the world. Singing and laughing he went his way: "Neither shall my happy temper fail me, nor will, I trust, my former good luck entirely abandon me. Hurrah for it then!" and so he whistled a merry tune and bade good-bye to his comrades.

Now, when Brother Merry was thus proceeding on his journey, St. Peter had taken his stand on the road-side in the disguise of a poor beggar, and asked Brother Merry for an alms. The latter looked at him for a while compassionately, and then said, half laughing: "My dear old man, what have I to give you, and why do you ask *me* for help, who am myself so badly off. Look here, I am a discharged soldier, and now that they have made peace, I must myself begin to carry on your trade. However, you shall at least not hunger; I have my last pay in my knapsack, four-pence and a loaf of bread, and you shall have part of it." So he broke his loaf into four pieces, one of which he gave to the beggar, together with a penny. St. Peter thanked him kindly, and Brother Merry continued his journey. He had however not proceeded far, when he was met by another beggar, who likewise asked him for alms. This

was again St. Peter, who wished to try Brother Merry's charitable heart. Well, Brother Merry gave him again a piece of bread and a penny. And so it happened a third time, when St. Peter had once more addressed him in beggar's disguise. Now, when Brother Merry had but one piece of bread and one penny left, he came to an inn, where he bought for the penny a glass of small beer, with which he washed down his bread. Then he marched on, happy as a king, but poor as a beggar.

After a little while St. Peter again stepped up to him, but this time in the garb of a discharged soldier, and addressed Brother Merry: "I say, comrade, good morning! Do help me, I am miserably hungry, and have nothing to eat. Can't you give me a piece of bread and a penny for a glass of beer?"

Then Brother Merry was half sorry that he had eaten the rest of his bread and had spent his last penny on himself, and he said: "Yes, comrade, if you had come earlier, I might have satisfied your wishes as well as old Fugger, who is a rich merchant, for I had just exactly left what you ask for; but now it is gone, and I am as poor as yourself." Laughing, he related to his supposed companion how he had fared, and then exclaimed: "Only keep up your courage"—and by the way, this was a word just after his own heart—"keep up your courage, man; now neither of us has anything and we may form a beggar copartnership. We both advance an equal amount of capital and can only be gainers. Bankrupt we cannot become, for with bankruptcy we begin." In this way Brother Merry endeavored at least to cheer up his comrade, as he had nothing to give him.

The latter however said: "No, begging is not exactly necessary

either. I understand a little of physic, as much, or rather as little, as most doctors. Even though I cannot look learned like some of my colleagues, yet I think I shall make as much as will be necessary for my support."

"Ah," said Brother Merry, "in that case you are better off than I. My life has been spent in the camp and I have never learned anything but to charge the enemy and strike home. And so I intend to fight it out in my old days too. Good-bye therefore, brother; I wish you success."

With these words he was about to resume his journey, when St. Peter took him by the sleeve and said: "Comrade, don't run away before you have heard what I have to say. You offered me a copartnership; I now return the compliment in reference to my doctor's business. Join me! If I make anything we will share it like brothers. I dare say we shall both find enough to eat."

"I am quite ready," replied Brother Merry; "I will join you in the doctor's business, it is a trade with which, I think, a man may get along all over the world."

Thus then they proceeded, and Brother Merry related his most stirring adventures and most laughable camp stories, with no other purpose than to make his companion forget his hungry stomach.

They had not however gone far, when they heard wretched cries and lamentations in a rich peasant's house near the road.

"Perhaps we may make something here already," said Brother Merry; "comrade show your skill." So they entered the house together. And sure enough, there they found the master of the house so dangerously ill that he was more dead than alive. His wife, children and servants stood around his bed, cry-

ing and lamenting. The yard-dog howled, the cat mewed—it was altogether a most edifying concert.

St. Peter stepped among them and said; "Cease your clamoring, let me go to the sick man, I will cure him."

All made way reverently for St. Peter, who drew an ointment box from his pocket, anointed the patient, and cured him on the spot, so that of course there was now great joy in the peasant's house, and all the former grief and misery were changed into happiness and jubilee. The husband and wife hastened towards their helper in need, kissed his hands gratefully, and exclaimed: "Dear sir, how may we reward you? What shall we give you? Only ask—you have warded off death from us that was already so near. Take half of our property, it is not too much for your service!"

With such words they continued for a long time; St. Peter, however, smiled quietly, but would accept of nothing. Now this was by no means after Brother Merry's liking. He made quite a sour face, poked his companion several times not over gently in the side, and at last burst out: "Why don't you take what they are offering to give us? Don't we need it? or will you permit their zeal to cool, and send them a bill on new year's day? You will find it out then. I know better how it goes in a doctor's practice. When the physician enters the house he is an angel from heaven; if he cures the patient, he is revered as a God, but, when he sends in his bill on new year's day, he is little better than Satan. As to being paid, we are worse off than most people. I have known that long ago. Therefore make your demands, my best, my dearest comrade."

St. Peter however persisted in his refusal, and when at last the peasant's wife brought in a fat young

lamb, and begged him that he would at least accept that, and he still declined, Brother Merry again became vexed and pushed him with the words: "Take it; you know yourself how much we need it. My mouth is watering already, and if you don't accept it, I shall dissolve the copartnership. With such a fellow I will have nothing more to do." Then St. Peter said at last: "Well, we will accept the lamb to please these good people, but I am not going to carry it. Therefore if you want the lamb you will have to carry it yourself." "Certainly," cried Brother Merry, "I hav'n't the least objection, only let's have it; I am ready to be the bearer. If I but once get hold of it, I expect the burden to be a blessed one. The heavier the better."

With these words he had already slung it over his shoulders, said a short "thank ye," and "good-bye," and was still tying the lamb's fore and hind legs together over his breast, when he trotted merrily along over the high-road.

St. Peter could hardly keep up with him, so briskly did Brother Merry stride forward in spite of his burden. "Why," cried St. Peter, "you are running as if we had stolen the lamb. Do take me along with you, comrade." This was done, and they went on together. Brother Merry began indeed at length to breathe a little hard, but he remained Brother Merry as before, and enjoyed already in anticipation the delicious roast lamb. They soon came into a fine green beach wood, where the atmosphere was cool and refreshing. The softest moss spread between the thick, smooth barked trees, and invited the weary wanderers to rest.

"Look, comrade," said Brother Merry, "here we are in the right spot; nowhere in the world will a good dinner taste better than here.

Therefore, don't you come with your objections; here we stop; here shall the lamb be killed, roasted and eaten. I hope, brother, you understand me."

"I have no objection," replied St. Peter, "but I know precious little of the art of cookery. If you are willing to play butcher and cook, see yourself how you get on with it. I shall meanwhile take a walk in the wood, till the dinner is ready. But you must not commence to eat until I return. I shall be here when it is time."

Brother Merry had already laid the lamb on the ground, and was searching for his old hunting knife, which the necessities of war had taught him to use. He said: "Very well, go brother, I shall make it all right. Cooking is an easy thing, provided you have something to cook." So they separated. St. Peter walked into the wood, whilst Brother Merry killed the lamb, sharpened a slender stick for a spit, and when he had kindled a good fire with dry wood and roots, he put the lamb on the spit and roasted it with all diligence. He performed his duty skillfully, and soon a most delicious fragrance spread underneath the green trees, the fat sputtered and the gravy flowed out, so that it was a pleasure to see it.

Dinner was ready, but the co-partner did not make his appearance and Brother Merry's appetite increased every minute, so that the sight of the roast lamb made him almost melancholy. He cried into the wood: "Come, comrade, the enemy is near, it is time to charge." But no comrade came. Then Brother Merry forgot the promise which he had made to St. Peter, not to begin until he should have returned, and he said to himself: "If he does not keep his word, I suppose I may meanwhile taste my dish. That is what every proper cook does."

So he drew the heart of the lamb from the spit—tasted, and at length ate the whole of it, as he found it very palatable. Immediately after, St. Peter joined him and said: "Brother, you may keep the whole lamb for yourself. It is enough for me if I get only the heart; that is the chief thing in every creature; give me the heart."

Brother Merry remained silent and scratched himself behind his ear; after a while he acted as if he sought the heart on the spit, but could not find it, and said at last abruptly:

"There is none!"

"But where can it be?" asked St. Peter: "there must be one, look for it."

Brother Merry looked a while longer behind the well roasted ribs of the lamb, but he did not find any heart. "There is none," he said again, "I don't know where it can be. But stop, brother, now look what a pair of fools we are; we are seeking a lamb's heart, and it occurs to neither of us, that a lamb has no heart."

"Comrade," replied the Saint, "every creature has a heart, why then should a lamb be without one?"

"Hang it," rejoined Brother Merry, "what do I care about the learned trash of you Doctors. You are always troubling yourselves about things which are, after all, of no earthly use to anybody. Surely, brother, it is as I tell you. A lamb has no heart. Only think a little and you will remember."

"Slow to anger, comrade," replied St. Peter. "It is all right. If there is no heart, I need eat nothing of the lamb. Eat it all yourself and may you enjoy it."

"A willful man will have his own way!" sighed Brother Merry. "Just as you please, I will not force you."

What remains I shall put into the knapsack."

Only half the lamb remained after the repast, for Brother Merry at least determined to do honor to his cooking. The relics he carefully stowed away in his knapsack, wiped his mouth, and was ready again for the journey.

Their second adventure was of a different kind, and it is reported that Brother Merry was not over-much pleased with it. For when they had again walked a little way, they came to a place where a broad stream flowed directly across the road, so that they had either to turn back or to cross it. St. Peter had caused the water to flow there, in order to force Brother Merry into a confession of his theft of the lamb's heart and of his subsequent lie, and so he said,

"Comrade, go ahead."

But, Brother Merry said: "No, no, you go ahead! Don't think that I shall be the first. I have still the whole lamb to carry, half in my stomach and half in the knapsack."

"But what did you do with the heart?" asked the Saint.

"Brother, lambs have no hearts, every child knows that," replied Brother Merry, and thought to himself, if the water proves too deep for my friend I shall stay where I am.

Thus St. Peter went without further delay into the water, which reached not above his knees.

"So it is right!" cried Brother Merry, "I follow," and stepped into the water. But the flood suddenly rose higher and higher, and in a short time it reached up to his neck.

Then he exclaimed: "Brother help me! the confounded water will spoil the rest of the roast lamb."

Peter replied: "Yes I will help

you, if you will confess that you have eaten the lamb's heart."

"No," cried Brother Merry, "I have not eaten it. Lambs have no hearts, and you have no heart neither; see the water is already running down my throat, and spoils the roast lamb that I have eaten! Help!"

"Where is the lamb's heart? say that you have eaten it, and I will help you out of the water," said Peter.

"No," cried Brother Merry, "I did not eat it. Lambs—have—no hearts."

At these words the tide rose so high that he could no longer articulate, and had to leap up in the water to get air. But he would not confess. The Saint was unwilling that his companion should be drowned, and so he stepped with one foot into the water, and it became still and subsided.

Thus Brother Merry gained the land, dripping wet, and shook himself like a water-dog. "I would not have minded it if I could swim, or if I were a fish, but as it was, I think it a bad joke." With that he had forgotten his fright and the two continued their journey.

A little while after they had again a professional adventure which was very much after Brother Merry's taste. The affair was this.

They arrived in a kingdom where they heard on all sides that the king's daughter, who had always been a very virtuous and beautiful princess, lay dangerously sick and would probably soon die. The most celebrated physicians, people said, had shaken their heads and given her over.

"Hollo," cried Brother Merry, "there is work for us. If we cure her we are safe for all time, and may buy fine estates and live merrily to our blessed end."

The Saint agreed that they should

go and try their art; he continued however his measured apostolic step as quietly as before. Brother Merry tried to hurry him on, saying that the patient might die before they arrived, and then there would be no chance for their making money, but in vain. St. Peter walked on composedly, and when they at last arrived at the palace, they heard indeed that the princess had just expired. Then was Brother Merry exceedingly vexed and said,

"There we have it now; that comes from your inertness; you have no fire, no professional zeal in you. It is little to your credit that you have let the lovely princess die."

But St. Peter appeased him by saying, "Just keep quiet, brother, I shall make it all right again, I can raise the dead to life."

"Oh, if that is the case," replied Brother Merry, "I have respect for your art, and have nothing more to say, but that the king will have to give us at least half of his kingdom."

So they went into the palace where all were sunk in grief. The carpenters were already hanging the walls with crape, but St. Peter told the king that God had bestowed on him the gift to raise the dead to life, and that he would restore the princess if the king would give orders that he should be led into the chamber where the dead maiden lay.

This done, St. Peter ordered a kettle full of water to be brought, and had a fire kindled in the chimney. He permitted no one to remain in the room but Brother Merry, who was anxiously waiting to see what would happen. The Saint then carefully cut off every limb from the dead body, and threw them all into the water which he had put over the fire to boil. After awhile all the bones were clean and white

as ivory. St. Peter then took the bones from the kettle, and arranged them neatly on a table in their natural order. He then stepped back and lifted up his hand, and said with a solemn voice, "Maiden, arise." And behold, when he had pronounced the words the third time, the bones moved, were wrapped in a rosy mist, and suddenly the king's daughter stepped forth from the cloud, in youthful beauty.

Of course there was indescribable joy in the palace; the King embraced St. Peter, and said: "Thou man of God, claim thy reward, and if thou demandest the half of my kingdom, I will not refuse thee."

St. Peter answered: "I demand nothing!" "Oh, you fool!" thought Brother Merry, pushed his comrade and said, "don't be so stupid, man, and so ludicrously magnanimous; that is contrary to the terms of our partnership. If you do not want to be paid, I at least need money."

But St. Peter could not be induced to demand a reward or to accept a present. The king meanwhile, who witnessed the quarrel, ordered his treasurer to fill Brother Merry's knapsack with gold and costly jewels. Nor had Brother Merry any objections that the treasurer occupied himself in so unusual a manner with the knapsack on his back. He stood still with the most innocent expression on his face, spoke of all sorts of indifferent things and did not stir from the spot, though the golden burden almost weighed him to the ground. Patiently he supported the knapsack with his stick, and only took leave when the bag was so full that the gold tassels and chains hung out on both sides. He then followed Peter, who had already resumed his journey. Brother Merry could hardly keep up with his companion, and was quite glad when they arrived again in a wood, and St. Peter

said: "Comrade, we will rest here and divide the money."

"I am quite willing," replied Brother Merry; "this time your thoughts are reasonable; let us divide and then draw lots."

St. Peter consented, but when he had poured the gold on the turf, he made three heaps of it. "What a strange notion this is again," thought Brother Merry, "we are but two and he makes three portions of the gold!" Still he said nothing.

Then spoke the Apostle: "Now the treasure is divided into three equal portions. One for myself, who have gained the gold, one for you who have carried it, and the third part for him who has eaten the heart of the lamb."

"Oh, I did that," cried Brother Merry, "I have eaten the lamb's heart. Assuredly you may believe me."

With these words he took possession of the third portion and found it quite easy to confess his sin.

But the Apostle spoke: "Brother Merry, how can this be, and what are you thinking of? A lamb has no heart."

"Oh, yes," replied Brother Merry, "lambs have hearts, nice little sweet hearts, as well as any other creature. The heart is the chief thing in them. When it stands still the whole machine stands still, and so there is an end of it; comrade, I have eaten the lamb's heart, and the third part rightfully belongs to me."

"Well, well," replied St. Peter, with a sad smile, "you are a rogue, and, I dare say, will remain one forever. Keep the whole treasure for yourself. I will not remain with you any longer, but shall henceforth go my way alone."

"As you choose, *my dear fellow*," said Brother Merry, "but I tell you beforehand, that without a practical partner like myself, you will never

get along in this world. Farewell."

Thus putting an end to their partnership, they separated, and Brother Merry, who believed himself now rich forever, thought: "It is well that he goes, for he is after all an odd sort of a saint!"

He now commenced to live on a grand scale, had plenty of friends, good ones and bad ones, (for most of them are after all only attracted by money,) had fine riding horses, splendid gold embroidered clothes, and everything that is necessary to make a figure in the world. He soon learned to bow with patronizing airs to the right and left, and whoever flattered him best could also cheat him most. Nor were his new friends slow to do that; for in a short time all his wealth was spent. With it also his friends disappeared, and Brother Merry was soon as poor as ever. Only his knapsack he had kept, and shouldering it, he went again upon the high-road to try what fortune had in store for him.

After some time, in which he had fared but poorly, he again came to a royal residence, and heard that the king's son had just died. "Hollo," he thought to himself, "here is a good opportunity to show what I have learned; I will make the little boy alive again, and his father shall pay me for it."

So he went to the king and said: "Sir King, I can bring your dead son to life again, and I will do it for a consideration."

The king rejoiced at these words, for he had heard already that a discharged soldier was traveling about the country, who understood the art of raising the dead to life. He did not doubt that Brother Merry was the man, so he gave orders to carry him to the dead child, and to have everything done as Brother Merry might command. The latter

went quickly to work; he put the kettle on the fire and threw the limbs one after the other into the boiling water. When the bones were quite clean and white, he picked them carefully out of the kettle, exactly in the manner in which he had seen his former comrade do it. But alas! when he now attempted to lay them on the table in their proper order, he found out that his anatomical knowledge was far from sufficient, and that he was after all but a very imperfect physician. So he put the bones just as they came, one leg here, the other there, none in their proper places.

Brother Merry however thought that he might yet succeed, and so he stepped solemnly up to the bones, raised up his hand and said three times with a loud voice: "Young man, arise!"

But the prince did not arise; not a limb moved. Brother Merry then said the words three times more, but in vain; the bones did not stir.

Thereupon Brother Merry grew angry and commenced to swear; but while he uttered his wicked speeches, St. Peter, in his former shape as a discharged soldier, suddenly stepped in through the window and said: "You wicked man, what are you doing here? How can the dead child arise, when you have mixed up all his bones?"

"Darling of my heart," replied Brother Merry, "I did it as well as I could, and as I have learned from you; come, help me out of the scrape."

"This time I will help you," replied the Apostle, "but I tell you, if you ever attempt the like again, I shall leave you to the consequences of your folly. Besides you must accept nothing from the king, still less ask for anything."

He then arranged the bones, each one in its proper place, and said

three times the words: "Young man, arise!"

Then the prince arose, young and healthy as before. The Saint disappeared again through the window, but Brother Merry was glad that everything had ended so well. The only thing that annoyed him was that he had to leave the palace without reward. "He is a sorry practitioner, utterly unfit for this world," he said to himself. "What he gives with one hand he takes away with the other. I cannot live on such terms. Every laborer is worthy of his hire, death alone costs nothing. Where is this to end? *It is all nonsense.* However I shall submit to the judgment of the king. He probably knows better than this odd Saint, what is proper; and hasn't he got his son alive?"

So Brother Merry was brought before the king, who demanded of him what was to be his reward; he should only ask for it. However Brother Merry did not dare to ask, so he made a sanctimonious face, and let the king understand that his knapsack was open and empty.—Then the king ordered the knapsack to be filled with gold, and when Brother Merry felt that it was heavy enough, he took leave of the king and departed.

Hardly had he passed out of the city gate when St. Peter was again at his side and said: "Oh, you worthless man! did I not forbid you to take any reward? And now you have let them fill your knapsack with gold!"

"Is gold in it?" asked Brother Merry.

"To be sure," said the Apostle, "do you not feel it? I should think it must weigh heavily enough on your shoulders."

"My dear brother, gold is easy to carry if it belongs to you, and is it my fault that they have secretly put it into my knapsack?" cried

Brother Merry, and made all sorts of remarks in order to change the conversation.

Peter however said: "Now listen, comrade, let these things alone in future, otherwise you will get yourself into worse trouble, and I shall not help you again."

"Nonsense, brother," replied Brother Merry, "I am now rich enough, and don't intend to have anything more to do with that doctor's business."

"Well, well, your riches will soon be gone again, comrade; you have not been born with the bump of prudence. But that you need not have recourse again to such desperate undertakings, in order to get along in the world, I will endow your knapsack with the power, that, whatever you wish into it, you shall find in it, and carry home as your property. That power it has henceforth; and now, farewell, here on earth we shall not meet again."

"Good-bye, comrade!" called Brother Merry after him, "I shall not beg you to come back, sour old Saint that you are. Good heavens, were he a merry fellow like myself, instead of being such a queer genius, we might live like kings on our practice. But so there is nothing to be done with him, and I am glad he is gone. He never learned to laugh or sing; a cup of good wine he does not like neither; and, gracious me! what is to become of this world if people don't even like that any longer."

So he whistled a tune till he had again found some friends who helped him to spend his money. They never grew tired, day nor night, and in a few months the whole treasure had disappeared.

One fine morning Brother Merry wandered again poor and solitary, with his knapsack on his back along the highroad, and he had nothing in it but four-pence. Fortunately

he soon discerned an inn near the road, which beckoned to him with its long arm. "I am coming," said he, "I am coming, to get rid of these miserable four coppers which are of no great use to me."

So he entered the inn and ordered three-pence worth of wine and one penny's worth of bread, finished the whole meal with a good appetite, and remained almost as hungry as before. The fact is, four-pence does not reach very far with a hungry soldier. He almost felt sick at heart, when soon the delicious fragrance of some roast geese ascended invitingly to his nostrils. He followed the direction which his nose pointed out, as he always had been accustomed to do, and discovered that there were next door in the kitchen two delicious roast geese. Hence came the pleasant odor. His appetite became stronger, and appetite is inventive. So he suddenly remembered with what power his knapsack had been endowed by his former copartner, and he determined to give it a trial. He therefore bade the landlord a polite good morning and went forth upon the highroad. At some distance from the house he stood still and said: "I *will* the two geese in the landlord's kitchen into my knapsack." Hardly had he spoke the words when he felt a pleasant warmth in the knapsack, accompanied by the same delicious odor that had sharpened his appetite before. He opened the bag, looked in, and behold! the two roast geese lay there in peace and harmony beside each other.

"Well, this is not so bad," said he, "welcome ye harbingers of future prosperity. Am I not a lucky chap; my success is secured forever. Wonder whether Mrs. Landlady has properly fattened and stuffed the geese, and whether they have not been spoiled in the oven."

With these words he unpacked

the geese, laid one of them on the green turf before him, and bit into the other so heartily, that the clear fat flowed down on both sides of his mouth.

While he was thus pleasantly occupied, there came two journeymen along the road, a shoemaker and a tailor. The poor fellows looked with hungry eyes at Brother Merry's feast, but they had not the courage to offer their assistance. One of them only observed with a constrained smile: "One man and two geese."

"You are right, my friend," exclaimed Brother Merry, "one man is too much for two geese; I shall have trouble to finish one. Here take the other and may you enjoy it!"

The journeymen did not wait to be asked twice. They took the goose, thanked the giver, and enjoying the feast in anticipation, carried the bird back again into the inn, from which it had a little while before escaped. They called for bread and half a measure of wine, and had already commenced with the goose, when the landlady came in with the wine and beheld with astonishment the goose which she thought she had seen before. So she called her husband, rushed into the kitchen, and sure enough, the two roast geese had disappeared.

"How! have you two vagabonds dared to lay hands on my geese? Quick, out with your money and pay for them, or you will see trouble, you thieves!"

With such harsh words did the landlord address the two journeymen, who however remained quiet, till one of them said: "Worthy sir, we are no thieves, but we have received this roast goose from a discharged soldier who sat outside yonder on the meadow."

"Nonsense," cried the enraged landlord, "you loafers shall not fool

me so! The lanzknecht was an honest man, who paid for what he ate and drank, and the geese were still here long after he had left the house."

The quarrel grew hotter; maids and stable boys entered the room with various kinds of murderous instruments; the landlady had seized the fire-tongues, the landlord an old chair, and the journeymen might have seen hard times, if they had not hurried their departure. The tailor therefore jumped as quick as lightning through the window, and the shoemaker thought to himself: "I don't mind a few hard knocks if I can save the goose;" so he seized the bird by one leg, and leaped with his booty after his comrade, whilst the hostile weapons of mine host rained mercilessly upon them. However, a shoemaker does not easily give up, especially when he holds his prize yet in his hand, and so they made good their retreat without much further damage.—Soon afterwards they found a secure spot where they ate the goose, and their fright and blows were forgotten.

Brother Merry had meanwhile continued his march, and soon arrived at a village, in the neighborhood of which stood a beautiful castle, than which there was none more magnificent for many a mile. He thought to himself, "In that castle one might lodge more comfortably than in the miserable village inn." But as he had little hope to find quarters in the castle, he walked in the direction of the inn. When he asked the landlord for night-quarters, the latter declined, saying: "My whole house is full of gentlemen, my dear friend; counts and barons lodge here, sir. We cannot accommodate you."

With these words the inn-keeper turned on his heels and was about to go, but Brother Merry called

him back and said: "Please tell me, sir landlord, what may be the reason that those noble gentlemen do not rather lodge in their splendid castle yonder. Your inn may be well enough for such as me, but for counts and barons it surely was not built."

"Exactly so, my good friend," replied the landlord with a cunning laugh, "but it all is not right in the castle and the gentlemen are afraid to sleep there. For the last seven years the Evil One has been living there with his band, and has killed every body that has dared to spend a night within its walls. That's the reason that these noble travelers are willing to put up with my small accommodations."

Brother Merry looked at the castle from all sides, and at last determined to risk it. So he went back to the landlord who happened to stand near the door in company with the owner of the castle. "Landlord," said he, "if there is otherwise no objection, I should like to sleep to-night in the castle. For I am too tired to continue my journey."

"Do not think of it, my friend," replied the landlord, "you will lose your life as many a dare-devil before you has done."

However Brother Merry was determined and became every minute bolder. Then the nobleman took him aside and said: "Listen, my good friend; yonder castle is my property; I have built it. But for the last seven years strange things have happened there, so that I do not like to inhabit it any longer. The people too, whom I have sent into it, have been thrown out again with broken limbs and beat half to death. But if you will run the risk, I give you full permission; perhaps you may succeed in expelling the Evil One from it, and if so you shall be handsomely rewarded."

All this was exactly what Brother Merry wanted.

"All right, gracious sir," said he boldly, "I will undertake to fight those unwelcome guests in your castle. I am a lanzknecht who has been in worse straits than this. Only get me something good to eat and to drink, and the rest shall be my business."

This was done. With a well filled basket of eatables and a bottle or two of wine, the landlord accompanied him as far as the castle, handed him the keys and wished him a pleasant night's rest.

The landlord made rather an ominous face when he left, but this did not trouble Brother Merry, who opened the castle, carried his provisions into one of the best rooms, and enjoyed his meal. As he did not find a bed, he collected some carpets, lay down on them, and was soon fast asleep. It was about midnight when he was aroused from his sleep by a terrific noise. Cautiously he opened his eyes and surveyed the rooms. He almost thought he was dreaming, for he beheld things that his eyes had never seen before, nor his imagination conceived of. Nine horrid devils with long tails and crooked horns had formed a circle around him, and danced with all sorts of strange grimaces and leaps about the spot where he lay. Sometimes they stretched out their red tongues, then again they gnashed their teeth; now they ran away from him, then they came back again. In short they carried on so strangely that Brother Merry was quite astonished. At last he exclaimed, "Well, perform your ballet as long as you choose, I will not disturb you, only don't let any one come too near me. I do not understand joking."

The devils continued their dance for a while longer, but at length they approached quite near to

Brother Merry, and suddenly one leaped with his horrible feet on his breast and sat down upon his face. That was too much for Brother Merry. In a trice he was on his feet, broke a leg from one of the chairs and cried out, "Take care you devil's brood, I'll teach you manners!"

With these words he sprang among them, and attacked them so vigorously with his sharp-edged weapon that they commenced to scream and forgot the order of their dance. The battle had now fairly commenced, and Brother Merry stood his ground bravely. The old soldier spirit was awakened in him again, with which in former times he had been accustomed to charge the hostile ranks. Half a dozen devil's horns he had already knocked off, and had torn out the tail of one of them. But they renewed their attacks, and when he beat down upon those in front, others would pull his hair from behind, and bite his legs. The fact was, nine devils were rather too much for one soldier, who had nothing but the fragment of a chair to defend himself with.

But fortunately a happy thought struck our friend. He exclaimed: "I wish all the nine devils into my knapsack!" and in a moment all the nine devils were in the knapsack as if the wind had blown them into it.

Brother Merry then quickly knelt down upon the bag with both his knees, buckled it and threw it into a corner. This done he smoothed his carpets, opened a window that the odor of the devils might go out a little, lay down again, and slept undisturbed until the sun was high in the heavens.

When he awoke, the nobleman and the landlord stood by his side, not a little astonished to see him alive and unhurt. "Well, did the

devils not appear to you?" asked the nobleman, "have they done you no harm, my good friend? Wake up and let us hear what has happened."

"Appeared, indeed!" said Brother Merry. "Done harm? oh yes, they showed the will to do it, but they didn't accomplish much. Look at their knocked off horns, see there the torn out devil's tail, and look here at my legs where the hellish brood have bitten me. But the most interesting part you will see when you examine the old knapsack in the corner yonder. Don't you observe how they are wriggling and crawling in it? I have got all the nine devils in the knapsack. My lord, your castle is now free from this bad company, and you may safely dwell in it again."

Then the nobleman was very glad and shook Brother Merry's hand heartily. "What shall be your reward, my good friend? Without your assistance I would have been a poor man, for I had resolved to burn down the castle with all its mysterious deviltry, and to build a new one elsewhere. Now you have saved me from all this trouble, and I will reward you as well as I am able. If you will stay with me as castellan, you shall be welcome, and be provided for to the end of your days."

Brother Merry thought over the matter and then said: "Gracious lord, first I have some important business to settle with the nine prisoners in the knapsack. When that is done I will return to you and see whether I may accept your offer. I have become so accustomed to roaming from place to place, that I fear a steady, industrious life will hardly suit me, and that I would make but a sorry castellan."

"As you choose," replied the nobleman, "remember, however, that my house shall never be closed to

you, and that you may always count on my gratitude."

Brother Merry now took leave with the knapsack on his shoulders and walked first to the inn to refresh himself with a substantial breakfast. When they arrived at the inn, the landlord treated him with marked coolness, nor did it escape Brother Merry's observation, that it was on account of the noble travelers who henceforth would no longer stay at the inn, but take up their quarters at the castle. Brother Merry however was at no loss how to help himself; you shall hear directly how he went about it.

After breakfast he mounted his knapsack again, and did as if he intended to continue his journey. The wine he had been compelled to leave untouched, such abominable stuff had the landlord put before him. Well, he went, but not far, only to the smithy, where he stopped.

"Master Smith," said he, "I have some business for you, and if you understand how to wield your hammer well, I will pay you handsomely." "Hammering is my business," replied the smith, "what can I do for you?" So Brother Merry put his knapsack in which the nine devils were confined, on the large anvil, and requested the smith to let his workmen beat upon it with the heaviest hammers in the shop. No objection was made; all went to work at once, and beat down upon the knapsack with all their might. The devils inside raised terrible howls, such as neither master nor workmen had ever heard before. When at last everything had become still in the bag, Brother Merry carefully unloosed the buckles and drew forth one dead devil after the other, the one by his horns, the other by his tail—eight dead devils in succession.

"But where is the one without the tail?" said Brother Merry, "for

there were nine of these black little gentlemen. One has lost his tail in the battle; he must be still in the knapsack." Thus speaking he put his hand deeper into it, but in a trice the ninth, who had lost his tail and who from pain had crept into one of the folds of the knapsack, so that the hammers had not hit him, rushed out, spitting and sputtering, and went down straight to the unmentionable place from whence he had originally come. "Good-bye, poor devil," called Brother Merry after him, "let your grand-mama dress your wound. I think you will not come back in a hurry." But the smith and his workmen enjoyed the fun greatly. They would not accept any pay for their work, but only requested that Brother Merry would leave them the eight dead devils. He not only readily consented but even assisted the smith in nailing them over the door of his workshop, where they have hung many a day for the edification of all good people.

Brother Merry thereupon returned to the village inn, sat down on the stone bench in front of the door, put his knapsack at his side, and willed half a dozen bottles of the landlord's very best wine into it; and I need not tell you that he did full justice to their contents.

The landlord was not at home, but had gone to assist the nobleman in the necessary arrangements for the occupation of the castle. For this reason the sister of the landlord, a pretty girl with quick hands, red cheeks and full of fun and laughter, waited on Brother Merry. Our friend was quite smitten with her; he therefore cracked his funniest jokes, sung his gayest songs, especially such as ladies love to listen to, and made himself altogether so agreeable, that the maiden too was favorably impressed with him. At length it struck Brother

Merry to ask her whether she would not be willing to become his wife.

"How should I like to be the wife of such a vagabond as you!" said the girl snappishly. "I like you well enough, my good friend, but to roam about the world with you I do not fancy. Look out for somebody else."

"Oh, if that's the objection, my darling, I think I can manage matters. If I become the baron's castellan, will you take me then?" He had already jumped up and was just going to steal a kiss from her rosy lips when the landlord entered, accompanied by the nobleman.

"What is this?" cried the landlord, "get yourself away, you insolent vagabond, and leave my sister alone."

"Not so, sir," replied Brother Merry, who had soon collected himself, "matters stand differently now. Sir Baron, if you are still willing to take me for your castellan, I think I might promise that I would bring a Mrs. Castellan along with me."

The nobleman laughed heartily and said, "Certainly, Sir Castellan, your lady shall be welcome too, and if you will make haste with the wedding, I will give you a handsome entertainment in the castle which your bravery has restored to me."

No objection was made on either side, only the landlord scolded and got into a rage, for he soon found out that the wine which Brother Merry had been drinking was of the very best in his cellar. It was that which he had purchased expressly for his noble customers.

However Brother Merry paid little attention to the landlord's abuse, but said, "Guests are always of more consequence than the host, and now, sir, I have besides, the honor of being the castellan!" With these words he bade good-bye to his sweetheart, and went with his

new master to the castle, where his official dwelling was set in order. This done, he called on the Chaplain in the village, and made arrangements for a sumptuous wedding feast. The castle cook and butler had already become his friends, and spared no pains to make the affair as grand as possible. Besides the count and his friends had all promised to grace the feast with their presence.

Everything was now ready; the Chaplain had put on his robe, but—no bride appeared.

Brother Merry had gone down to the inn to bring her, but he returned alone and said to the count who was waiting on the battlements of the castle: "The rascally landlord carried the girl last night over the mountains to an aunt of hers, because he dislikes me. But never mind, I know what to do, if your lordship will only have a little patience." With these words he ran into his chamber where the old knapsack lay, brought it out, besprinkled it well with lavender water, inside and outside; for since the affair with the nine devils it had never smelt very nicely; hung it across his shoulders, and then said before the whole company on the ramparts: "*I wish my sweetheart into the knapsack.*" Hardly had he uttered the words, when to the delight of the whole wedding party, the girl sat in the bag, laughing joyously and looking over Brother Merry's shoulders.

He went quickly with her into the chapel, the whole company following. The Chaplain performed the ceremony, and soon they were wedded, and occupied the seat of honor at the feast. You may be sure that it was a splendid affair. The rejoicings lasted the whole day through, and the merriment of the company reached its height, when Brother Merry willed one bottle

after another of the landlord's best wine into his knapsack and put them upon the table. Late in the evening the landlord made his appearance, and the company had a hearty laugh at him. But when he saw that the affair could not be mended, he like a prudent man, made the best of it, took his place at the table and is said to have become, in the course of time, one of Brother Merry's best friends.

Thus then Brother Merry was castellan, and performed his duty in every respect so that all the world was pleased with him, and especially his wife. They lived in peace and happiness with each other, and when every year a new baby took its quarters in the cradle, Brother Merry was always quite glad to welcome the little stranger. But a Brother Merry he remained all his life time; nor did that harm anybody. For he performed kind and charitable acts whenever he could, and when the castle walls became sometimes too narrow for him, he requested his master to send him abroad. Such journeys were of course full of strange adventures, but it would lead me too far to relate them.

At last, however, he grew old and feeble and became tired of life. He then bethought himself of his end, took leave of his wife and children, put his knapsack on his back and left the castle; for he thought that every one ought to die by himself. He soon came to a road where he found a pious hermit, to whom he said: "Reverend Sir, I am tired of wandering on earth and would like to seek for myself a resting place in the next world. Please tell me how I may get there."

The hermit answered: "My friend, there are two roads. The one is broad and pleasant and leads to hell, the other is straight and

rough and leads to heaven. Choose for yourself."

Then thought Brother Merry, "Why, I would be a fool were I to take the straight and rough road. The pleasantest way has been always most to my liking."

So he started on the broad and pleasant road, and arrived, without much further difficulty at the black gate of the infernal palace.

Brother Merry examined its appearance, and as it was locked he raised the heavy iron knocker and gave three loud raps, so that it sounded through the whole of that dismal region.

The gate-keeper soon made his appearance at the loop-hole to see who was there. But when he recognized Brother Merry, he quickly fastened all the bolts and bars before the gate and ran terrified to the captain of the guard.

For you must know, the gate-keeper was the ninth devil who had escaped from Brother Merry's knapsack with the loss of his tail, which had unfitted him for further active service, so that he was appointed to the office of gate keeper. Trembling all over he said to the captain: "There is a fellow outside with a knapsack, who wants to get in. But don't you permit it, for otherwise he will *wish* us all into his accursed knapsack, and will have us beaten to death; and then there will be an end of us forever. I have found it out to my cost the last time I served on earth. Gracious lord and captain, please do not let him come in!" The captain assented, and Brother Merry was told that he could not be admitted.

"Well," thought Brother Merry, "if they don't want me here, I suppose I must try my luck for heaven. Perhaps some quarters I may find there, for to roam about forever, like the Wandering Jew, would be rather bad sport.

So he struck into a miserable by-path which led up to heaven, and strode past many a pious soul, who leisurely pursued his journey and every now and then stopped and looked back.

Arrived at the gate of heaven, he gave three loud knocks, and was glad that St. Peter opened it. For he recognized him immediately, although St. Peter no longer appeared in the garb of a discharged soldier, but was clothed in shining raiments. "I trust I shall succeed better here," thought Brother Merry, "for I meet an old acquaintance."

But St. Peter looked solemn and said: "I suppose you want admittance here?"

"Yes! my dear old friend," replied Brother Merry, "make haste and let me enter, I shall have to find quarters somewhere. Those in the lower world would not let me in, so do you permit mercy go for justice and open to me."

"No," said St. Peter, "I cannot admit you; people like yourself are of no use here."

"Well!" answered Brother Merry, "if you are so unkind as not to grant me quarters, though I have begged you so hard, and you are an old acquaintance of mine, I will not keep your knapsack either. Take it back; I have valued it very highly, but if you have ceased to be my friend, I do not wish to possess it any longer."

"Give it back then," replied St. Peter.

Then Brother Merry handed the knapsack through the bars of the gate, and St. Peter placed it beside his throne! Now that was the very thing Brother Merry had wanted, so he said forthwith, "I *wish* to be in my knapsack." In a moment he was in it, and of course also inside of the gate of heaven, and St. Peter had to let him remain there.

SUMMER WIND.

Wind, from out the summer night,
Breathing soft and light,
Soft and low as lovers' sighs,
Summer wind, arise!

Stirring through the leafy trees,
Whisper memories,
Sweet and sad of youthful time,
Like a mournful rhyme.

Summer wind, sweet summer wind!
Sad thou art, but kind,
Of the holy dead to me
Speaking tenderly.

THE OLD ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

[The following article is the first of a series upon the *old English Dramatists*, the object of which is to embody in a popular form some account of their lives, incorporated with brief critical remarks upon their works and genius. The series, after some preliminary remarks, will begin with Christopher Marlowe, and end with James Shirley. We are aware that this field of investigation and criticism, has been tilled by a host of acute and able literary workmen, but the results of their labors have often taken a form which is "caviare to the general." We have no higher aim than to follow in the footsteps of illustrious predecessors, and to glean from them such facts, observations, and deductions as may seem of interest to the ordinary reader. It is evident, therefore, that no one can reasonably look for profound views or novel statements in a series of papers prepared upon so unambitious a plan. At the same time they may do "yeoman's service" in opening to the minds of casual students, and of that other larger class of persons who habitually navigate among the shoals and breakers of a "light literature," fruitful in the end of "heavy damages"—some glimpses of the intellectual richness, majesty and power of the most brilliant epoch in English Literary History. Into the period of which we are about to speak—a period which embraces little more than half a century—"there was rammed a greater amount of vigorous imaginative life," than can be found in any age—however mentally active and original—that preceded, or has followed it. This age seems, both in its grandeur and its folly, to have been cast in a colossal mould; and so it was with its best and only faithful interpreters—the Dramatists. They exhibit no small sentimentality, no drawing-room affectations, but are as robust in their vices, as they are large-hearted in their affections, and large-brained in understanding, fancy, and invention. Even omitting Shakspeare, it is not easy to overrate the genius, or the performances of the intellectual "giants who lived in those days." From the literature of the present time, debased as too much of it is, by a spirit of effeminate *dilettantism*, we turn with a feeling of relief, (a feeling akin to that with which we pass from the heavy atmosphere of a Conservatory into the free air of Heaven,) to the broad, natural, and healthful philosophy, and to the art most perfect in its very disdain of art, which distinguish the Elizabethan writers. We do not mean to say that they present us with naught but the pure gold of thought. Far, very far from it! Those of our readers who may be induced to look more closely into the productions of the old Dramatists, will be amazed at the amount of folly, coarseness, and buffoonery which deface some among the most characteristic of their works. But these are patent, and on the surface, and instead of being inextricably woven with the texture of the nobler thoughts and feelings, (as is the case with several modern poems of repute,) they stand apart in the nakedness of their deformity, and are productive of one invariable, legitimate result—unalloyed disgust!

It is easy, therefore, to separate the gold from the dross; and although the mind of the delicate reader may be shocked by pot-house phrases, and pictures of low debauchery and vice, there is no danger that his morals will become contaminated or the desire fostered within him to make a personal test of "pleasures" so revolting in aspect, and so disastrous in result. We may, in fact, go further, and pronounce the old Dramatists to be, in a certain sense, *moral teachers* of a high order! By investing Vice, and those who follow her, with associations absolutely hideous, they have—unconsciously we grant, but still most vigorously "fought on virtue's side." And then—with some notorious exceptions—it cannot be denied that their most successful scenes, their grandest delineations of character, and noblest flights of eloquence and poetry, are quite as remarkable for purity of thought and elevation of sentiment as for force of diction and imagination.]

DRAMATISTS WHO PRECEDED SHAKSPEARE.

NO. I.

In the year 1570, somewhat less than a quarter of a century previous to the period when Shakspeare commenced his theatrical career, the first English Theatre was erected in Blackfriars. Before this time, there had been *three* sorts of public

scenical representations, viz: *mysteries* written upon Biblical themes and performed in the presence of the common people, in which, we are informed by Campbell, "that Adam and Eve appeared naked, the Devil displayed his horns and tail,

and Noah's wife boxed the Patriarch's ears before entering the ark;" *moralities*, which were allegorical plays, personifying the abstract qualities of mind and character; and lastly, translations from Latin and Italian authors prepared for the exclusive benefit of the learned.

In 1574 Queen Elizabeth licensed a company of Actors under the title of the "Earl of Leicester's servants." This royal patronage we may consider the occasion of the rise of what is called the "regular drama" in Great Britain. Immediately, and as if by magic, a host of play-wrights came forward to supply the Theatres—which now rapidly multiplied—with suitable dramatic pieces.

The most distinguished of these writers were Nash, Kyd (the author of the *Spanish Tragedy*), Green, Lodge, Peele, Lily, and Marlowe.

"The Spanish Tragedy," with the exception of a single scene introduced at a later date, and most probably composed, not by Ben Jonson as generally reported, but by Webster, is a drama "full of sound and fury signifying nothing."

Lamb designates it as "*a caput mortuum*, a piece of absolute flatness." "The Love of King David and fair Bethsabé," by George Peele, is a superior performance. It contains several pleasing passages of picturesque and fanciful description. For example:

DAVID.—"Bright Bethsabé shall wash
in David's bower
In water mixed with purest almond
flower,
And bathe her beauty in the milk of kids;
Bright Bethsabé gives earth to my de-
sires,
Verdure to earth, and to that verdure
flowers,
To flowers sweet odors, and to odors
wings
That carry pleasures to the hearts of
kings!

* * * * *

"Now comes my Lady tripping like the
roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her
hair.

*To joy her love I'll build a kingly bower
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams!"*

Robert Green is chiefly known at the present day as the author of that extraordinary tract, "A Groat's worth of Wit bought with a million of Repentance," in which he addresses "his quondam acquaintance who spend their wits in making plays, wishing them a better exercise, and wisdom to prevent his extremities!" Towards the conclusion of his pamphlet, written apparently on his death-bed, after some earnest advice to his intimates, Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele—to abandon a disreputable profession, he proceeds in the following strain:

"Base minded men all three of you, if by my misery yee bee not warned for unto none of you (like me) sought those burs to cleave: those puppets I mean that speake from our mouths, those anticks garnisht with our colours:

"Is it not strange that I to whome all they have bin beholding [beholding,] is it not like that you to whom they all have been beholding, shall, were yee in that case that I am now, be both of them at once forsaken? Yes! trust them not; for there is an upstart crow (the allusion is to *Shakspeare*), beautified with our feathers, that with his Tygre's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you, and being an absolute *Johannes-fac-totum*, is in his owne conceyt the onely Shake-scene in a countrey!"

The name of *John Lily* has unfortunately come down to posterity connected with the most absurd work in the English language, that text book of foppish Courtiers, known as "Euphues, and his England."

And yet, he is also the author of three dramas upon classical subjects, which, for general elegance of treatment, and polish of style, are unrivalled among contemporary plays. We refer to his "*Midas*" and "*Endymion*," and his "*Alexander and Campaspe*."

"The story in both," (says Hazlitt, who alone of all the critics has done justice to *Lily*), "is in its execution for the most part elegant and simple.

"There is often something that reminds one of the graceful communicativeness of Lucian and Apulius, from whom one of the stories is borrowed. Lily made a more attractive picture of Grecian manners at second hand than of English characters from his own observation. * * I know of few things more perfect in characteristic painting, than the exclamation of the Phrygian shepherds, who, afraid of betraying the secret to Midas' ears, fancy that "the very reeds bow down as though they listened to their talk;" nor more affecting in sentiment than the apostrophe addressed by his friend Eumenides to Endymion on waking from his long sleep, "Behold the twig to which thou laidest down thy head is now become a tree!"

"There is something in this story," (Hazlitt proceeds to remark,) "which has taken a strange hold of my fancy, perhaps out of "my weakness and my melancholy," but for the satisfaction of the reader I will quote the whole passage."

We will follow Mr. Hazlitt's example, premising that his fancy was taken captive, *not* as he suggests through "his weakness and his melancholy," but because of his keen insight into the beautiful, and his appreciation of that which is unaffected, graceful, and true to nature:

CYNTHIA.—Well, let us to Endymion! I will not be so stately (good Endymion) not to stoop to do thee good; and if thy liberty consists in a kiss from me, thou shalt have it.

And although my mouth hath been heretofore as untouched as my thoughts, yet now to recover thy life, I will do that to Endymion, which yet never mortal man could boast of heretofore, or shall ever hope for hereafter. (*She kisses him.*)

EUMENIDES.—Madam, he beginneth to stir.

CYNTHIA.—Soft Eumenides, stand still! EUMENIDES.—Ah! I see his eyes almost open.

CYNTHIA.—I command thee once again stir not. I will stand behind him.

PANELION.—What do I see? Endymion almost awake!

EUMENIDES.—Endymion! Endymion! art thou deaf or dumb? or, hath this long sleep taken away thy memory? Ah! my sweet Endymion, seest thou not Eumenides, thy faithful friend; thy faithful Eumenides who for thy sake hath been careless of his own content?

Speak Endymion! Endymion! Endymion!"

ENDYMION.—"Endymion!" I call to mind such a name!

EUMENIDES.—Hast thou forgotten thyself, Endymion? Then do I not marvel that thou rememberest not thy friend. I tell thee thou art Endymion, and I Eumenides. Behold also Cynthia by whose favor thou art awaked, and by whose virtue thou shalt continue thy natural course.

CYNTHIA.—Endymion! speak sweet Endymion! knowest thou not Cynthia?

ENDYMION.—Oh! Heavens! whom do I behold? Fair Cynthia, divine Cynthia!

CYNTHIA.—I am Cynthia, and thou Endymion.

ENDYMION.—What do I hear? What! a grey beard, hollow eyes, withered body, decayed limbs, and—and—all in one night!

EUMENIDES.—One night! Thou hast slept here forty years, by what enchantress as yet it is not known; and behold the twig to which thou laidest thy head is now become a tree. Callest thou not Eumenides to remembrance?

ENDYMION.—Thy name I do remember by the sound, but thy favor I do not yet call to mind: only divine Cynthia to whom time, fortune, death and destiny are subject, I see and remember; and in all humility I regard and reverence.

CYNTHIA.—You shall have good cause to remember Eumenides, who hath for thy safety forsaken his own solace.

ENDYMION.—Am I that Endymion who was wont in court to lead my life, and in justs, tourneys, and arms to exercise my youth? Am I that Endymion?

EUMENIDES.—Thou art that Endymion, and I Eumenides: Wilt thou not yet call me to remembrance?

ENDYMION.—Ah! sweet Eumenides, I now perceive thou art he, and that myself have the name of Endymion; but that this should be my body I doubt; for how could my curled locks be turned to grey hair, and my strong body to a dying weakness, having waxed old, and not knowing it?

CYNTHIA.—Well! Endymion, arise; awhile sit down, for that thy limbs are stiff, and not able to stay thee, and tell what thou hast seen in thy sleep all this while. What dreams, visions, thoughts, and fortunes; for it is impossible but in so long a time thou shouldst see strange things."

ACT V., SCENE I.

From Lily's "Alexander and Campaspé," which, it has been well remarked, is a sufficient answer to the charge of Drayton, who accuses the author of

"Playing with words and idle similes
As the English apes, and very zanies be
Of everything that they do hear and see,"

we extract the following Song attributed to the painter *Apelles*. Its archness of humour, and delicious fanciful extravagance are equalled only in the *Carmina* of Catullus, or the *Hesperides* of the quaint, jovial, rich-toned Herrick!

"Cupid and my Campaspé played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid;
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of spar-
rows;

Loses them too, then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows
how.)

With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspé win.
Atlast he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
Oh! Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall alas! become of me?"

We now come to Christopher Marlowe, the first of those grand and permanent lights in our Dramatic firmament, the advent of whom was heralded by the many lesser stars whose names and some of whose works we have briefly chronicled. Marlowe was indeed a man of wonderful force of imagination, boldness of insight, and audacity of thought and conception. He is the *Michael Angelo* of English Dramatists. His mind by the instinct of a natural affinity seizes upon topics of august, and terrible significance. He revels amid regions of restless sublimity, drawing his best and most impressive images from the storms, the darkness, the convulsions of Nature.

His Muse derives her inspiration from the gigantic shadows, and is forever dipping her dark pencil "in the gloom of earthquakes, and eclipse!" She loves—

"To lie on some vast plain,
And hear the wolves upbraiding the cold
moon;
Or on a rock when the blown thunder
comes

Booming along the wind: Her dreams
are naught
Unless with gentler figures fierce ones
mix;
Giants with Angels, Death with Life,
Despair
With Joy:—even the Great One comes
in terror
To Her, appareled like the fiery storm."

The central spirit—the informing genius of Marlowe's works is Titanic, rude, unhallowed Power! His "mighty line" rolls impetuously onward, reckless of offense, and turbulent with the rush of haughty, defiant thought. Little is there in him of reverence, and still less of softness, and the graces of musical sentiment, and quiet feeling!

Language is strained to its utmost capacity in the effort to convey a full conception of themes, which only the most daring imagination would have ventured to grapple with. The strength of Marlowe is a lurid and fearful strength; his passion is ever at fever-heat, an untamed, ungodly, devouring flame which throws a ghastly glow upon his pages, and wraps his fancy round with a monstrous, unearthly radiance. He takes possession of common ideas, and ordinary figures of speech, and by a sort of intellectual glamour at once intensifies and exaggerates them into the Heroic. He moves with the "large stride" of the elder Gods. His eye gleams "with the lust of power," and his heart rages with "a hunger and thirst after unrighteousness."

The summer fullness of a lusty, magnificent youth, of a youth which claims dominion, which riots in the consciousness of the profoundest energies, and disdains all effort but that which involves a mighty struggle with hostile elements, and materials ponderous, if not unmalleable—imparts to Marlowe's style a tone of reckless bravado which is saved from the effect of downright bombast, by its serious intensity,

and its colossal pomp and splendor of diction.

Marlowe has been rather oddly compared to Lord Byron. The comparison does injustice to the "glorious old Heathen," "the fiery, and fickle Goth," who whatever may be his faults, is always so terribly in earnest; who, if lawless, and possessed by the devils of lust and Satanic pride, is yet natural even in his deformity; whose vices appear to be the inevitable offspring of the constitutional temper of his mind and character, and who above all, when he exhibits a wicked spleen, and blasphemous discontent, daring to arraign the system of the world, and to call God himself to an account at the bar of his self-constituted judgment, does so, not because of his own weak melancholy, and at the bidding of jaundiced humors, and a selfish *individual* grief, but under the influence of the audacity and scorn of an uncurbed Will, and an *objective*, heaven-defying Imagination.

Christopher Marlowe, the son of a shoe-maker, was born at Canterbury in February 1563, and baptized in the Church of St. George on the 26th of that month.¹ But little is known of his boyhood beyond the fact that he received what must have been an excellent rudimentary education at the King's School in his native city—an institution "founded by Henry the Eighth for a Master, an Usher, and fifty scholars between the ages of nine and fifteen."

At the proper age, and under the patronage it has been plausibly conjectured, of Sir Roger Manwood, then Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Marlowe removed to Cambridge. He was matriculated as Pensioner of Corpus Christi, *alias* Benet College, 17th March, 1580-1. He took the degree of A. B. in 1583, and that of A. M. in 1587.

Mr. Dyce thinks that Marlowe

was intended for the Church, but that during his academic course, he gave expression to those sceptical views on the subject of Christianity, which subsequently brought him into odium and disrepute.

Whether this be true or not, it is certain that he soon began to exhibit a strong predilection for the drama. *Before* 1587, that is, when Marlowe could not have been more than twenty-three years old—he had produced *Tamburlaine the Great*, and eventually he attached himself to the throng of adventurers in London, determined to rely on his genius alone for subsistence. There is no doubt that in accordance with the fashion of his day—he united the professions of actor and dramatic writer. An actor, however, he did not long continue. Performing on one occasion at the Curtain in Shore-Ditch, he accidentally broke his leg, and the result being incurable lameness, he of course took a final leave of the Stage.

The success of *Tamburlaine*, the first play in blank verse ever acted in an English Theatre, seems to have been immense. The celebrated Alleyn² represented the hero. Attired in "a copper-laced coat and crimson velvet breeches," mounted upon a lofty chariot drawn by harnessed kings, and threatening ruin and destruction even to the Supernal Powers, we are told that the Scythian Conqueror, (who must in reality have looked superbly ridiculous,) "was for many years a highly attractive personage to the play-goers of the metropolis."

Of the drama itself it is difficult to speak critically. Both in its first and second parts *Tamburlaine* is probably the most singular specimen in our own, or any other language, of lawless sublimity of thought, mingled with, what Lamb has styled "loons of midsummer

madness." Bursts of grand poetry always verging upon the borders of hyperbole, are succeeded by passages which express the ravings of Bedlam—not a coarse, sensual, earthly Bedlam—but some place where sun-stricken Imaginations even, in their divorce from reason, "do often color and body forth in forms of beauty the inner truths of the soul."

Tamburlaine has been unsparingly ridiculed by critics both of high and low degree! Before the close of the seventeenth century it had sunk into oblivion. The "crimson velvet breeches" might have delayed, but could not prevent its fate. And yet this "cock-pit play," as it has been called, contains thoughts, images, and language which Beaumont, Fletcher, and Milton himself have not disdained to borrow.

Read for example this description of *Tamburlaine's* person, full of "a rude Titanic grandeur which tells upon the ear and brain :"

"Of statue tall, and straightly fashioned,
Like his desire lift upward, and divine,
So large of limb, his joints so strongly
knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might main-
ly bear
Old Atlas' burden."

Compare with this the picture of Beëlzebub in the second book of "Paradise Lost :"

"Deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care :
And princely counsel in his face yet
shone,
Majestic though in ruin ; sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies."

As a scene which presents in about equal proportion the excellencies, and the faults of Marlowe's style, we quote the following from the second part of *Tamburlaine* :

The arras is drawn, and Zenocrate (the Conqueror's wife) is discovered lying in her bed of state ; Tamburlaine sit-

ting by her ; three Physicians about her bed tempering potions :

TAMBURLAINE.—Black is the beauty of
the brightest day ;
The golden ball of heaven's eternal fire,
That danced with glory on the silver
waves,
Now wants the fuel that inflamed his
beams ;
And all with faintness, and for foul dis-
grace,
He binds his temples with a frowning
cloud,
Ready to darken earth with endless
night.
Zenocrate that gave him light and life,
Whose eyes shot fire from their ivory
brows,
And tempered every soul with lively
heat,
Now by the malice of the angry skies,
Whose jealousy admits no second mate,
Draws in the comfort of her latest breath,
All dazzled with the hellish mists of
death.

Now walk the angels on the walls of
Heaven,
As sentinels to warn the immortal souls
To entertain divine Zenocrate :
Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps
That gently looked upon this loathsome
earth,
Shine downwards now no more, but
deck the heavens
To entertain divine Zenocrate :
The crystal springs whose taste illu-
minates
Refined eyes with an eternal sight,
Like tried silver run through Paradise
To entertain divine Zenocrate :
The cherubins, and holy seraphins
That sing and play before the King of
Kings,
Use all their voices, and their instru-
ments
To entertain divine Zenocrate :
And in this sweet and curious harmony,
The God that tunes this music to our
souls
Holds out his hand in highest majesty
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
Then let some holy trance convey my
thoughts
Up to the Palace of th' empyreal heaven
That this, my life, may be as short to
me
As are the days of sweet Zenocrate.
Physicians ! will no physic do her good ?
FIRST PHYSICIAN.—My lord, your majes-
ty shall soon perceive,
And if she pass this fit the worst is past.

TAM.—Tell me, how fares my fair Ze-
nocrate ?

ZENOCRATE.—I fare, my lord, as other
empresses

That, when this frail and transitory
flesh
 Hath suck'd the measure of that vital air
 That feeds the body with his dated health,
 Wane with enforced and necessary
 change!"

SCENE IV, ACT 11.

From the same play we extract another passage as perfect in the artistic melody of its versification, as in the truth and beauty of the sentiment:

"If all the pens that ever poet held
 Had fed the feeling of their master's
 thoughts,
 And every sweetness that inspired their
 hearts,
 And minds, and muses, on admired
 themes;
 If all the heavenly quintessence they
 still
 From their immortal flowers of poesy,
 Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
 The highest reaches of a human wit;
 If these had made one poem's period,
 And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
 Yet should there hover in their restless
 heads
 One thought, one grace, one wonder, at
 the best
 Which into words no virtue can digest!"

According to Mr. Collier, Marlowe's *Faustus* was written very soon after the production of Tamburlaine the Great. The young author allowed himself short breathing space; although one is inclined to think, notwithstanding his vigor, and the fertility of his resources, that the two parts of Tamburlaine would have proved somewhat exhausting. A prominent biographer of Marlowe dismisses *Faustus* as "unworthy of his reputation," because "it closely follows a popular prose romance of the same name," an objection which if considered valid, would at once destroy the claims of all the Dramatists of the Elizabethan age, Shakspeare especially included. "Certain it is," says Mr. Dyce, "that Marlowe has closely followed the prose history of *Dr. Faustus*; but it is equally certain that he was not indebted to that "history" for the poetry and the passion which he has infused

into his play, for those thoughts of surpassing beauty and grandeur with which it abounds, and for that fearful display of mental agony at the close, compared to which all attempts of the kind by preceding English dramatists are poor indeed."

We may look upon "Faustus" as, to some extent, the prototype of the great work³ of Goethe, and as furnishing important hints to Bailey in his "Festus," and to Robert Browning in that noblest of recent metaphysical poems—"Paracelsus." The hero of this Tragedy, a "rude but gigantic sketch," and "sublimed beyond the reach of fear and remorse," personifies the restless desire after forbidden knowledge, intensified by a haughty self-confidence and indomitable arrogance of will. Calling upon "fate and metaphysical aid" to further his designs, Faustus determines to possess himself of the secret of the Universe, to penetrate the occult mysteries of nature and the spirit, to master the forces of all intelligence, human and divine; in a word, to rise to the heights of Godhead, becoming himself a god! Something however of sensual passion is mixed up with his spiritual diabolism. He would fain be surrounded, when it so pleases him, with intoxicating visions of beauty and love. His fancy reverts to the "golden time of good Haroun Al Raschid," and with the wish, the magnificent gardens of the Caliph, and his voluptuous Houris, white-breasted, and crimson-lipped, appear before him; or in a sensuous Apocalypse still more enchanting, he walks with Ænone through Idalian woods, and snatches the sweetness from Helen's lips, while Paris is absent at the wars.

"All the projects of philosophers," says Hazlitt, "all creations of the poet pay tribute at his feet: all the delights of fortune, of ambition, of

pleasure, or of learning, are centred in his person; but from a short lived dream of supreme felicity and drunken power, he sinks into an abyss of darkness and perdition.—This is the alternative to which he submits; the bond which he signs with his blood!"

In the first Act, Faustus exclaims,

"How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I
please?

Resolve me of all ambiguities?

Perform what desperate enterprise I
will?

I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found
world,

For pleasant fruits, and princely delicates.
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,

And tell the secrets of all foreign kings:
I'll have them wall all Germany with
brass,

And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg;

I'll have them fill the public schools with
skill,

Wherewith the students shall be bravely
clad;

I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the prince of Parma from our
Land,

And reign sole king of all the provinces:
Yea! stranger engines for the brunt of
war

Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp
bridge,

I'll make my servile spirits to invent!"

Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS.

VALDES.—"These books, thy wit, and
our experience

Shall make all nations to canonize us;

And spirits—spirits of every element

Be always serviceable to us three.

Like lions shall they guard us when we
please,

Like Almain Rutters with their horse-
man's staves,

Or Lapland Giants trotting by our sides:
Sometimes, like women, or unwedded
maids,

*Shadowing more beauty in their airy
brows,*

*Than have the white breasts of the Queen
of Love.*

All this, if Faustus will be—resolute!"

FAUSTUS.—"As resolute am I in this,

As thou to live, therefore object it not."

Despite this bold language, Faustus, as the period approaches when

his compact with the Fiend must be sealed in blood, loses his audacious hardihood, and becomes the victim of terrific fears, and an ever-present Horror! The scene which describes the "deep damnation of his taking off" the "growing terrors of his position, awfully marked by the hours and half-hours as they expire," has been pronounced a masterpiece of vigorous and graphic delineation. We do not altogether agree with these extravagant laudations. The scene, to our mind, is greatly marred by its vulgar materialism. For instance, a horde of Devils, heralded by thunder and lightning, and adorned, we presume with horns, and a superabundant allowance of tail, are represented as entering Faustus' apartment at the appointed hour, and tearing the poor wretch to pieces between them! Moreover, the picture of his previous terror has too much of the merely physical about it! Notwithstanding this objection, when we consider the age at which, and in which Faustus was written, we are constrained to allow that the Tragedy is distinguished by a prodigality of power, a wealth of illustration, and a fertile richness of diction, which are well calculated to perpetuate its high reputation.

We cannot close our remarks on Faustus without bringing to the reader's notice a single passage illustrative of the softer phase of Marlowe's imagination. Its sensuous, impassioned beauty has seldom been equalled, and never—in its kind—surpassed.

The form of the Grecian Helen appears in a vision, and Faustus thus addresses her:

"Was this the face that launched a
thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
*Sweet Helen! make me immortal with a
kiss.*

Her lips suck forth my soul! See where
it flies!

Come Helen! come! give me my soul
again!
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these
lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena;
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be
sacked;
And I will combat with weak Menelæus,
And wear thy colors on my plumed crest;
Yea! I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
*Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars:
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter,
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms,
And none but thou shalt be my para-
mour!"*

The next important work by Marlowe is *the Jew of Malta*, a character, according to some indiscriminate critics, upon which Shakespeare modelled his Shylock! There is no real likeness between these personages. Marlowe's Jew, *Barabbas*, is a cross between the miser and the bloodhound. His passions are intensified beyond humanity, are, in fact, quite as much exaggerated as the huge pasteboard nose once thought essential to a proper representation of this character on the stage. The entire play is "extreme in act, and outrageous in plot and catastrophe." Its merits are occasional, and not in our opinion so marked as to save the Tragedy from a general sweeping condemnation. It is full of clap-trap, fustian, and raving incongruities, and doubtless owed its original success to an unworthy national prejudice, to which a great poet ought to have been ashamed to pander. Let it not be supposed, however, that *the Jew of Malta* is an ordinary play. A failure for Marlowe, it may well have made the reputation of several inferior dramatists, if we agree to stretch probability so far as to suppose that any inferior dramatist could have produced it.

LUST'S DOMINION, OR THE LAS-

CIVIOUS QUEEN is a more original, and vigorous performance. Its influence, like that of Tamburlaine, consists in the evolution of grand motives, but upon a far less exalted theatre of action. There is in it the same dark intensity of purpose and passion, upheld in the case of *Eleazar*, by a more diabolic will; so revolting is the nature of the subject, so infamous the ends to be attained, that often we are called upon intellectually to admire, what morally we *detest*; that is, the force and spirit with which the dramatic personages (especially Eleazar, the Moor,) are drawn, creates an *artistic* sympathy, while at the same time the *moral* enormity of the characters, and the wickedness of the means employed to accomplish purposes still more wicked, excites our disgust.

A comparison has been justly instituted between Eleazar and Aaron, in *Titus Andronicus*.⁴ "The Queen" it has also been observed, "is the same in both these plays, and the business of the plot has been carried on in much the same revolting manner by making the nearest friends and relatives of the wretched victims the instruments of their suffering and persecution by an arch villain."

One of the most striking passages, and the only one we have room to quote, is the descriptive of Eleazar's refusal of the proffered crown:

"What! do none rise?
No! no! for kings indeed are Deities,
And who'd not (as the sun) in brightness
shine?
To be the greatest is to be divine;
Who among millions would not be the
mightiest?
To sit in godlike state, to have all eyes
Dazzled with admiration, and all tongues
Shouting loud prayers, to rob every
heart
Of love; to have the strength of every
arm;
*A sovereign's name! why 'tis a sovereign
charm.*

This glory round about me hath thrown
beams:

*I've stood upon the top of fortune's wheel,
And backward turned the iron screw of
fate.*

The destinies have spun a silken thread
About my life: yet thus I cast aside
The shape of majesty, and on my knee
To this imperial state lowly resign
This usurpation, wiping off your fears
Which struck so hard upon me."

What can be more majestic and sustained than the tone of this passage? The line,

"To be the greatest is to be divine,"

expresses, in brief, the *animus* of that ambition which urges on the hero of the Tragedy. The introversion of his moral nature is unmitigated in its loathsome effect, because Marlowe, unlike Shakspeare, when dealing with characters of a similar type, does not relieve the atrocities of the human actor, *by introducing the idea of infernal temptation and agency, an idea which shifts a part at least, of the responsibility of crime, from the mere man to its supernatural instigator.*

"If Marlowe had lived," says Thos. Champbell in his work on the poets of Great Britain, "Shakspeare might have had a rival." We do not believe it. The very want in Marlowe of that subtle insight, that transcendent appreciation of the eternal proprieties of conscience, and the great spiritual instincts of the heart, (prominently exemplified in the defect to which we have referred,) may be said to draw a deep broad line between him and Shakspeare, which, the author of *Tamburlaine*, had he lived to the age of the Patriarchs, would never have been able to pass.

We will next consider the historical drama of *Edward the Second*. It is upon the whole, the least characteristic of our author's undoubted compositions. He seems to have determined, when under-

taking this Tragedy, to write by rule. The consequence is, that if Edward the Second may be pronounced the most polished and correct, it is also the feeblest of his plays. If true to history, it is *not* true to Marlowe's genius!

One remarkable exception must be made in favor of the *Death Scene*, at the end of the 5th Act, a scene which critics of every order of mind and opinion have united in pronouncing unsurpassed. "It moves," says Lamb, "terror and pity beyond any scene, ancient and modern, with which I am acquainted." Let the reader say whether this high praise is deserved. For our own part, although we admire, and have been profoundly affected by the passages which follow, we think Lamb's commendation somewhat extravagant. Pathetic and strikingly natural as the scene is, we cannot concede that it moves "terror and pity" beyond the death picture in *Lear*, or the grand tragic griefs in Sophocles and *Æschylus*:

SCENE.—*Berkley Castle—The King is left alone with Lightborn, a Murderer.*

EDW.—Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?

LIGHT.—To comfort you! and bring you joyful news.

EDW.—Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks!

Villain! I know thou com'st to murder me.

LIGHT.—To murder you, my most gracious lord!

Far is it from my heart to do you harm. The Queen sent me to see how you were used.

For she relents at this, your misery: And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,

To see a king in this most piteous state?

EDW.—Weep'st thou already? list awhile to me.

And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis, hewn from the Caucasus,

Yet will it melt ere I have done my tale. This dungeon where they keep me is a sink!

LIGHT.—Oh! villains!

Edw.—And there in mire and puddle
have I stood
This ten day's space, and lest that I
should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum;
They give me bread and water, being a
king;
So that for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distempered, and my body's
numbed.

And whether I have limbs, or no, I know
not.
Oh! would my blood drop out from every
vein
As doth this water from my tattered
robes.

*Tell Isabel, the Queen, I looked not thus
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont!*

LIGHT.—Oh! speak no more, my lord,
this breaks my heart!
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.

Edw.—These looks of thine can har-
bour naught but death!
I see my Tragedy written in thy brows,
Yet stay awhile, forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it
comes.

That even then, when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my
God.

LIGHT.—What means your Highness
to mistrust me thus?

Edw.—What mean'st thou to dissem-
ble with me thus?

LIGHT.—These hands were never
stained with innocent blood.
Nor shall they now be tainted with a
king's.

Edw.—Forgive my thought for having
such a thought;
One jewel have I left! receive thou
this.

Still fear I, and I know not what's the
cause?

But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
Oh! if thou harbor'st murder in thy
heart,

Let this gift change thy mind, and save
thy soul!

Know that I am a King; oh! at that
name,

I feel a hell of grief! Where is my crown,
Gone! gone! and do I still remain alive?

LIGHT.—You're overwatched, my lord,
lie down and rest!

Edw.—But that grief keeps me wak-
ing, I could sleep;

For not these ten days have these eye-
lids closed.

Now as I speak they fall, and yet with
fear

Open again. Oh! wherefore sitt'st thou
here?

LIGHT.—If you mistrust me, I'll be
gone, my lord!

Edw.—No! no! for if thou mean'st to
murder me
Thou wilt return again; and therefore
stay.

LIGHT.—He sleeps!

Edw.—Oh! let me not die! yet stay,
oh! stay awhile!

LIGHT.—How now, my lord?

Edw.—Something still buzzeth in mine
ears

And tells me if I sleep, I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me trem-
ble thus.

And therefore tell me, wherefore art
thou come?

LIGHT.—To rid thee of thy life; Ma-
trevis! come!

Edw.—I am too weak and feeble to
resist;
Assist me dear God, and receive my
soul!

The Massacre of Paris, the last
of Marlowe's works,⁵ was, accord-
ing to Mr. Dyce, probably written
"after the 2d of August, 1589,
when Henry the Third of France,
with whose death it terminates, ex-
pired in consequence of the wound
he had received from Jaques Clé-
ment the preceding day." The play
has come down to us greatly mu-
tilated, but still sufficiently well pre-
served in its general details to show
that it is a production of no
merit or interest. Although it was
entered in Henslowe's Diary, and
subsequently published with Mar-
lowe's name attached to it, the in-
ternal evidence seems to us con-
vincing that Marlowe either wrote
it on the spur of the moment to
meet some stringent necessity, and
terribly "against the grain," or that
for some reason not hard to be im-
agined, he consented to father a
Tragedy, written by some one of
his numerous friends. We would
suggest in confirmation of this view
that Marlowe, was, at the portion
of his career to which we have ar-
rived, in the full vigor of his won-
derful powers, and that consequent-
ly it is hard to believe he would de-
liberately have put forth a produc-
tion which for him was simply dis-
graceful!

We will now return to our author's personal history. Very little, unfortunately, remains to be told. Mingling almost solely in the society of his brother authors at a time when authorship, (especially play-writing,) was held in but slight repute, he naturally acquired their careless and dissolute manners; no doubt,

"He pass'd his days in riot most uncouth,
And vexed with mirth the drowsy ear
of night."

Shakspeare and Ben Jonson had not yet by their high-toned honor and independence of personal character, raised their guild to a position of respectability in the eyes of the public; and therefore the temptations to which a young man of strong passions and overflowing animal spirits was subjected, among a set so dissolute and unprincipled, must have been great if not irresistible.

We may be sure that Marlowe like the rest, "rioted in taverns and ordinaries," delighting in potent sack, and deep oaths, and "waking" whatever stray night owls may have blundered among the dim lamps of the metropolis, with strange ungodly "catches," which would have horrified "ears polite."

But these reckless frolics were soon to have an end. The light of merriment and jovial companionship was destined to be stricken out by the same fatal blow which darkened forever the nobler light of his genius, and his aspirations. About six months after the publication of the *Massacre of Paris*, Marlowe was killed in a tavern brawl at Deptford. The particulars of the lamentable occurrence are given by a number of contemporary writers, but as these writers were chiefly Puritans who gained their information at second hand, and who in

consideration of Marlowe's reputed atheism, were disposed to exaggerate every incident which testified to his discredit, we must receive their accounts with many grains of allowance. That the poet was inclined to free thinking it is vain to deny, but "that he even cursed and blasphemed to his last gasp, and that together with every breath an oath flew out of his mouth," that his atheism and impiety amounted to blasphemy so shocking that the Almighty singled him out (as *Beard* in his "Theatre of God's Judgments," asserts,) as a special victim to his wrath—that his "opinions were so damnable" as to justify a sanctimonious gentleman named *Bame*, who was afterwards hung at Tyburn (!) in a legal process against him—these are charges we refuse to believe. They not only violate probability, but they clash directly with what is told us by more impartial witnesses.

"As the poet Lycophron was shot dead," says *Meres* in his *Palladis Tamia*, "by a certain rival, so Christopher Marlowe was stabbed to death by a bawdy serving man, a rival of his in love." *Vaughan* in the *Golden Grove*, gives a slightly different version of the affair:

"Not inferior to these, was one Christopher Marlowe, by profession a play-maker, who as it is reported, about fourteen years ago wrote a book against the Trinity. But see the effects of God's justice! It so happened that at Deptford, a little village about three miles distant from London, as he meant to stab with his poniard one named Archer that had invited him thither to a feast, and was then playing at tables, hee (Archer) quickly perceiving it, so avoided the thrust that withall, drawing out his dagger for his defence, he stabbed this Marlowe into the eye in such sort that he shortly after died!"

Thus in the summer prime of his manhood, and the early maturity of a genius second only to that of Shakspeare, in a vulgar quarrel,

and by the hand of a low brawler, to be again forgotten, until the perished this great poet, bequeathing English language, and its unequalled name and works to posterity, Literature shall have passed from which although both fell into temporary oblivion, have at length been the remembrance of men in some remote, and almost inconceivable period of the future time!

1. For the facts of this Biography we are indebted to the most trustworthy of authorities, the Rev. Alexander Dyce, to whose indefatigable exertions, English Dramatic Literature owes so much.

2. Thomas Nash's "Pierce Pennyles." His Supplication to the Devil contains in a marginal note, this "due commendation of Ned Alleyn."

"Not Roscius, nor Æsop, those Tragedians admyred before Christ was born, could ever perform more, in action, than famous Ned Alleyn."

3. Referring to the Mephistophiles in *Faustus*, Hallam remarks, "there is an awful melancholy about Marlowe's Mephistophiles, perhaps more impressive than the malignant mirth of that fiend in the renowned work of Goethe. But the fair form of Margaret is wanting!"

4. "Eleazar, the Moor, is such another character as Aaron, in *Titus Andronicus*, and this play might be set down without injustice as the "pew-fellow" to that!

I should think Marlowe has a much fairer claim to be the author of *Titus Andronicus* than Shakspeare, at least from internal evidence; and the argument of Schlegel that it must have been Shakspeare's because there was no one else capable of producing either its faults or beauties, fails in each particular."—HAZLITT.

5. The last, we mean, of his more elaborate works. Marlowe was the author of a number of Translations and minor original poems. Of the former, the most successful is the Translation, or rather *Paraphrase* of the Hero and Leander of Musæus, left by Marlowe in a fragmentary state, and subsequently completed by Chapman. * * In the third Sestiad, Chapman thus apostrophizes the "free soul" of the poet whose labours had preceded his own!

"Then ho! most strangely intellectual fire
That proper to my soul has power t' inspire
Her burning faculties, and with the wings
Of thy unsphered flame visit'st the springs
Of spirits immortal! now (as swift as time
Doth follow motion) find th' eternal clime
Of his free soul, whose living subject stood
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood,
And drunk to me half this Musean story,
Inscribing it to deathless memory:
Confer with it, and make my pledge as deep
That neither's draught be consecrate to sleep;
Tell it how much his late desires I tender
(If yet it know not,) and to light surrender
My soul's dark offspring, willing it should die
To loves, to passions, and society!"

Of Marlowe's miscellaneous poems, the exquisite song, "*Come with me and be my love*," is the most generally known and admired.

The number of *plays* in which he was said to have written individual scenes and passages, is immense. But as little is known with certainty of these productions, we do not deem it necessary to mention them more particularly.

TO MY FRIEND, WITH MY PORTRAIT.

SONNETS.

I.

My portrait ! will it serve when I am dead,
 To bring me to thy memory, as, beside
 Thy cheerful fire thou sitt'st at eventide.
 Thoughtfully resting on thy hand thy head ;
 And, from thy mantle, with unconscious glance—
 How full of speech to friendship !—I look down,
 And catch thy sudden glances, upward thrown,
 Or note thine eyes fixed on me in a trance,
 Speaking dear memories of sweet seasons gone.
 Precious to both, and full of that fresh faith
 That won the heart by fond soliciting,
 Of the true nature, and the generous spring,
 Ere Hope had found denial, or Love scaith,
 And, to believe in all we feel and see,
 Is Youth's delight and best necessity !

II.

Yet why the portrait ? If to thee, as me,
 That Past be still a memory of delight,
 And Love and Faith, with hands forever free,
 Brought goodly fruits ; and these were, in thy sight,
 A precious boon of blessing, such as still
 Recalls their perished blossoms with a thrill,
 Even while the winter, with an aspect chill,
 Takes absolute place upon thy lonely hearth ;
 Then do I sit with thee beside the fire,
 Share all thy solitude ; help thee to thy mirth ;
 And smile with thee to see the glooms retire !—
 If such my presence in thy heart's desire,
 Such the keen quickening of thy soul with mine,
 What need my portrait ? I need none of thine !

III.

The indelible hues of memory on my heart,
 Have limned thee in perfection rare as true ;
 I see thee rise before my present view,
 Each lineament all living as thou art ;—
 As Art can never reach ! Thy pale white brow,
 Lofty and massive ; the keen falcon eye,
 Eager, yet with that arch vivacity,
 Which argued well the merry heart below ;
 The brown curls scattered o'er thy forehead fair ;
 The Roman beak ; the sweet mouth free of guile ;
 The very girlish dimple in thy smile,
 That still betray'd the quip before its birth,
 When the sly thought, half satire and half mirth,
 Made thee the happiest Yorick at our cheer !

INGRES.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

Some artists, like women, are very unwilling to tell their age; thinking the world will grant them less talent, if they are a little oldish.

One day a friend was simple enough to ask Ingres how old he was. The artist shrugged his shoulders, and answered carelessly: Indeed, my memory is so bad, that I have forgotten the year of my birth.

If he will not tell his age, we are not so scrupulous about it.

John Ingres was born the 15th Sept., 1781, at Montauban. In his youth, he evinced no talent for painting; but a decided inclination for music. His father had given him a palette and a violin; he preferred the latter, and often made considerable noise on his pretended cremona. While he was prosecuting music and painting together, another passion seized him: a passion for the stage. He offered to play in the orchestra of a Thespian society; and while engaged in this, a violent desire possessed him to perform upon the boards. He played in several tragedies, till one night he was hissed. This so disgusted him, he was glad to make a journey to Toulouse, on some business for his father. There he saw, in the museum, an excellent copy of one of Raphael's best pictures, and it was the first painting he seemed to admire.

His conversion was singularly sudden. In six months, he made such progress, under the instruction of Roques, that his parents determined to send him to Paris.

Music was now abandoned, and our young man was placed in David's studio, where he was soon dis-

tinguished among a score of other pupils. Though an obedient scholar, he found fault with his master's style, because it was too much like statuary transferred to canvass.

In 1800, he gained the second premium for painting; and the next year he gained the Roman prize. The French school in Rome had been discontinued since '93; and the substitute was a pension of one thousand francs, so Ingres remained at home. His first laureate piece was *Napoleon crossing the bridge at Rehl*, a painting of no great merit.

In 1806, the French school in Rome was revived; and our enthusiast had the gratification of beholding Raphael's master pieces.

He was so charmed with art in Italy, that he remained there fourteen years, in the constant study of the great masters. There he acquired harmony, precision, softness and dignity; but his pictures were said to lack life, brilliancy and proper shade.

Some of the best pictures of his fourteen years absence are the following: *Raphael and the Fornarina*; *Ossian's Dream*; *Francesca da Rimini*; *The Sleeping Odalisk*; and *The Death of Leonardo da Vinci*. His two most noted pictures are: *The Sistine Chapel*; and *Christ giving the Keys of Heaven to Saint Peter*. The first is the only one of his pictures well colored. Engravings of it sell for one hundred francs.

He will not heed his friends when they tell him of his faults; obstinacy is one of the characteristics of his nature. In spite of newspaper crit-

icism, and the remarks of men of acknowledged artistic talents, he will persist in his ways.

I must say, in this place, that painters are more envious of each other than people of any other profession; they will never acknowledge merit or talent in a rival.

When Ingres first fixed himself in Rome, there was a French family living near the Academy, who received him with great kindness. This family frequently spoke to Ingres of a pretty relation living in some little village beyond the Alps; and from heresay, he fell in love, and they exchanged portraits. The young lady came to Rome; the lovers met, and they were married.

Truly a romantic affair! Madame Ingres has always been the guardian angel of her husband. She has helped him in his prosperous moments; she has encouraged him in his days of adversity. She is an economical and an excellent housekeeper.

In 1820, Ingres left Rome to spend four years of study in Florence. While there he painted two excellent pieces: *Charles V. entering Paris*; and *the Vow of Louis, the Thirteenth*.

Ingres was forty years of age before he was acknowledged as master of his art. After many years of labor and patience, the doors of the Institute were opened to him, and he received the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

It was fortunate for Ingres that it does not require the new member at the Institute to pronounce the eulogy of his predecessor, as they do at the Academy; for Denon had long been his most implacable enemy.

In 1827, he finished *Homer's Apotheosis*, a picture justly admired by the whole of Europe. What different expressions in all the faces of the great number of personages!

The same sombre tint that prevails in all his pictures spoils this one too. He appeals more to the judgment than to the imagination.

After the success of the last mentioned picture, he opened a school; in a short time his pupils numbered 200! more than had ever attended a private school before. Baron Gros had a school in the vicinity; the pupils of the rival institutions were not very friendly.

Ingres was made professor in the school of Fine Arts in October, 1829. His pupils had a kind of idolatrous admiration for every thing his pencil touched. When he went round the room to correct their sketches, if he made an alteration with his pencil, the student would frame the picture to preserve the relict of his hand.

Ingres was always very fastidious in the choice of his models; and if a girl exhibited for him, it was equivalent to a diploma for perfection of form.

He is rapid in his execution; he paints a full-size figure in a day; but he often passes a month in touching it up and embellishing it. He was employed six months on the portrait of the Duke of Orleans, before it was done to his satisfaction!

The most convincing proof of Ingres' real talent, is the prejudice most of his fellow artists show against every production of his pencil.

The Martyrdom of Saint Symphorian was so rudely criticised, that Ingres refused, for several years, to send his pictures to the annual exhibitions of Art. At the last fair (1855) he had an entire room for forty of his best paintings. In 1833, Louis Philippe raised him to the rank of officer in the Legion of Honor; and the year following he was sent to Rome as director of the French Academy of Art, in the Eternal City.

Napoleon Third has given him the cross of Commander in the Legion.

Persecution followed him abroad: he was accused of showing a preference for his particular admirers, to the neglect of all the other pupils.

He often read in the French papers which he received in Rome, violent attacks; but he found comfort in his ever faithful violin, which he played with some skill at the Villa fêtes.

During a stay of five years in the Metropolis of Art, he composed but three pictures: a *Portrait of Cherubini*; *The Virgin*; and *The Odalisk*.

On his return to Paris, he was received with a great dinner, with much enthusiasm, and plenty of wine.

Cherubini, the musical composer, and director of the Conservatory, was one of his warmest friends.

He painted a number of pictures

after his return; and decorated the Duke de Luynes' mansion with gorgeous frescoes. He was well paid for it.

The municipal council of Paris voted two hundred thousand francs to repaint, or restore the paintings, in the church of Saint Vincent of Paula, and Ingres was offered the commission; he refused! No one ever has learned the motive for refusing the homage of his talent to the christian temple. Yet, at the age of eighty-three he painted *The Triumph of Napoleon the First* in the Hotel de Ville.

Like Raphael, Ingres seems to improve with age; and, instead of living to see his glory vanish, he will die in the midst of its splendor, and his fame will last as long as that of any of his contemporaries. His name will be remembered with those of Gros, Delaroche, Couture, Diaz, and many others.

THE THUNDER STORM.

Within an hour,

Roll up the great black billows from the west,
The birth place of the storm! And now, behold,
Where, from his cloudy chasm, with angry mood,
And a fierce flame-glance darting from his eye,
Leaps forth the sovran Thunder; while his spear,
Edged with the rapid rushing lightning, clangs
Upon his steely cased and pondrous shield!

CARE.

Care is an hour-born monster, whom we meet
In every progress; that beside us, takes
The unproffered seat; and winds us in embrace,
We meet with loathing; and recks nothing, though
We fling him off, and face him with our weapon,
Our prayers, our fond entreaties for escape,
From the assiduous 'tendance! Life begets
Such monsters on humanity; nor asks
Fit season! Not for him to wait,
The birth of flowers; nor to forbear his coming,
Considerate of the winter that already
Hath blighted all our blooms!

NOTES ON WINE AND VINE CULTURE IN FRANCE.

NO. II.

5. *The Nature of the Plant.*—More than two thousand well marked varieties of fruit-bearing vines are cultivated in the gardens of the Luxembourg at Paris. Of these not more than fifty or sixty varieties produce wines of superior quality in France. These are varieties, as we have said, and not species of vines; hence there being no natural ground upon which a classification may be attempted, they are arranged in a most imperfect manner. They might be divided into noble and vulgar plants, the former yielding the great wines, and the latter the *vins ordinaires*. An important observation attaches itself to such a division; *les plants nobles* yield everywhere but a scanty vintage; they are delicate, and require great care and skill in culture, while the inferior varieties are hardy in their nature, and abundant in their produce. M. Puvis divides vines in general into the dwarf and large varieties. Among the dwarf vines, the fruit-bearing buds are close to the stem; they are borne generally upon wood of any age, and when killed by the frost, shoot a second time. In the other varieties the fructiferous buds are found at a distance from the trunk, and only upon wood of the preceding year; when once destroyed by frost they remain barren for the season. To the first sort belong most of the fine vines of France. "The Pineau of Burgundy, the Gamai Nicolas of the Beaulois, the Cabernet of Bordeaux, &c., &c. In general, however, the varieties are catalogued by Ampelographers according to the region where they flourish. Each differ-

ent wine is the produce of one or more distinct varieties of plants. Thus in Médoc five-eighths of the vineyards of Lafitte, Latour, Margaux &c., are planted in the Cabernet-Sauvignon. It is this plant which gives character to the celebrated wines of Bordeaux. The Verolot, a hardier vine and more fruitful, is cultivated to a small extent in those vineyards, but in the neighboring low-lands it produces the full-bodied, highly colored *vin de palus*. So also in Burgundy we have the Pineau and its sub-varieties, while side by side with it, the Gamai, producing in great abundance the *vin ordinaire* of the district, disputes the occupancy of the soil. The contest between these two plants is historical. As early as 1395, Philippe-le-Hardi addressed an ordonnance to the Mayor and Prevost of Beaune, stating that certain persons having planted vineyards *d'un très-mauvaiz et très-desloyal plant, nommez Garmez, du quel mauvaiz plant vient très-grant habondance de vins, &c.*, that these vines shall be destroyed by a certain day; and *au cas que vous trouverez aucuns lieux en nostre dit pays ou places du dit mauvaiz plant qui ne seront traiz, extirpez, coppez et adnullez, comme dit est, si les faites traire, extirper et adnuller aux frais de ceulz a qui seront les diz lieux ou places*. At the present day the old feud still continues. The more productive, but coarser Gamai, despite the excommunications of the church, and the sentence of Senates and Princes, still struggles on the slopes of the Cote D'or with the less fruitful but more delicate and refined Pineau. Where

it has conquered, the wine is poured out in flowing goblets to the democracy of France. Where it has been repulsed, the vintage is gathered for Kings and nobles. The peculiar character of the variety is so little dependent upon soil and climate that the vines may be transported to remote countries and still preserve it. Thus the vines which yield the Rudesheimer on the Rhine are the direct descendants by graft layer, and cutting of the plants carried there from Orleans by the order of Charlemagne. And you may even now detect the flavor of the Noiren in some of the Rhine wines, while that plant is almost or entirely extinct in the Orleanais. The vines of Madeira were carried there from the isle of Cyprus. Those of the Constantia vineyards at the Cape of Good Hope, are derived from Persia, Italy and Burgundy. So near a resemblance do the systems of vine-culture in Greece and France bear to each other, that when considered with the fact that in both instances they are for the most part traditional, and differ widely from those practiced in Italy since the days of Virgil, it is more than probable that many of the present varieties of vines cultivated in France were introduced by the Greeks. Within the present century the Furmint which yields the Tokai in Hungary has been successfully introduced in the South of France near Lunel, where it produces a first quality wine, bearing a strong resemblance to the Tokai. Again, certain vineyards have lost their ancient reputation. Two hundred years ago the vineyards in the neighborhood of Orleans and Paris enjoyed a reputation for their produce, which rivalled if it did not surpass that of the most celebrated growths of the period, such as those of Burgundy and Champagne. At present these districts give only the

most ordinary wines. They have the same soil, climate, and methods of culture, and the sole change which has taken place, which may explain this difference, is that the old varieties of good vines have died out, and been replaced by others of inferior quality. These facts are sufficient to show, that a good variety of vine suited to the soil and climate, is the first requisite to the successful establishment of a vineyard.

Another practice observed, is that of planting a number of different varieties in the same vineyard. "*De tous plants plante ta vigne*" says an old proverb, and one always more or less obeyed. Although this adds to the difficulties of culture, each variety requiring a method somewhat peculiar for itself; it increases very much the quality of the wine. Thus in Médoc the Cabernet gives the exquisite flavor and perfume to the wine, while the Verdor is of material assistance in furnishing it with body and durability. It is not possible to find any single variety which unites all the qualities that are essential to good wine.

6. *Culture.*—(1) *Preparation of the Soil*:—In preparing the soil, care is taken in the best vineyards to render the land level where it is a plain, and where it slopes rapidly, terraces are constructed at suitable intervals to prevent the earth from sliding or washing. If the land has been previously cultivated in vines, it is the custom to sow grasses for several years before re-setting the vineyard. Moreover when this is the case, all the old stems and roots are pulled up and burnt, as they are considered injurious to the new vines. These preliminaries accomplished, the planter may or may not, according to circumstances, spread a thin coat of stable manure over the surface. But there is an

old proverb which says, "*Les pierres valent mieux que le fumier*," and manuring is generally considered as bad for vines. In this respect a valuable lesson may be learned by all planters from the French wine-growers. It is to pay more attention to the physical condition, than to the chemical constituents of the soil. Such conditions are the specific gravity, the consistence, the faculty of retaining water, aptitude for drying, contraction upon drying, &c., &c. Not only are these conditions of the highest importance in all kinds of culture, but they may be modified with more ease and *certainly* than the chemical constituents of the soil. A better practice than manuring, is to lay on a coating of stronger soil of the suitable variety where the land is feeble. In the Médoc this coat is sometimes four inches in thickness. This is the time for applying lime, salt, or other mineral manures. Now comes the most essential operation in the preparation of the soil. It consists in turning the soil up to the depth of twenty inches, sometimes more, sometimes less. It is usually performed in April, just before planting. It is done generally with spades and mattock, but in Chateau Margaux I have seen them working with picks, in order to quarry away the limestone rock that lay too near the surface. So completely is this effected that the soil is entirely reversed, and the upper part is brought to the bottom. Many and very great advantages are derived from this operation. The state of comminution, to which it reduces the soil, fits the various salts for going readily into solution. The land being rendered more porous the surplus of water sinks rapidly, while its powers of capillary attraction being increased, it supplies itself more easily with the requisite degree of moisture, during times of drought. Again the sur-

face soil which is the nutritive portion is placed at the bottom, in order to induce the plant to strike its roots downwards, and the subsoil furnishing but little nourishment, is placed on top to hinder the development of the surface roots. The same end is further favored by deep working, and by uncovering the plant to the depth of six inches in the spring and cutting away the roots. It is considered of great importance to make the vines strike their roots profoundly. The *vignicoles* call it, to make the vine *Pivoter*, and say that it adds to the durability of the plant, protects it against winds and changes of temperature, and enables it to endure without suffering, the droughts and heats of summer. The reversement is sometimes effected with ploughs, but the most thorough manner in which it can be accomplished is as follows: A ditch is opened the length of the field, three feet wide and two feet deep. Another ditch is commenced in front of this one. The top soil of the second ditch is flung into the bottom of the first, and its subsoil fills up the top. Thus one ditch is made to fill up the other until the soil of the whole vineyard is completely *renversé*. Care must be had to run these trenches at right angles to the direction in which the land slopes, in order to prevent washing. The land being thoroughly trenched is again leveled, and where it is necessary, pipes are put in for subsoil draining.

(2) *Planting*:—The planting takes place in the spring between May, sometimes it is even protracted until June. It is performed in various ways. For the most part cuttings are used, which were taken from the vines when they were trimmed during the preceding fall or winter. The cuttings are preserved in a cellar or buried close to a wall or hedge until wanted. Great care is taken

in the selection of cuttings, from the fruitful shoots of the most vigorous vines. They are slips of one year's growth, generally about a yard in length, and furnished at the extremity with a piece of old wood, from one quarter to a half-inch long. The last is not always attended to, but it is to be recommended, as it is precisely from the ring which separates the new and old wood, that the greater number of roots spring, and especially too, those whose direction is perpendicular—the great desideratum. It is said moreover, to assure the fruitfulness of the vine. Before such cuttings are used, the extremities are pared with a sharp knife, and they are allowed to macerate in spring water for some time previous to being planted. Cuttings which have taken root are also used sometimes. They are said to be more certain in dry seasons, and also somewhat in advance of the simple cutting. Another plan is to preserve the cutting trimmed down to a couple of eyes in a hot bed, for two or three years before they are planted. These are *bona fide* plants, and possess the advantage of yielding a crop in two years, while the cutting requires on an average, five before it comes into full bearing. They are said, however, not to be so sure, nor so durable, and are principally employed in replacing missing plants among the young vines. The cutting is always preferable to the rooted plant, for in transplanting, the roots, and especially those at the extremity which strike deepest, are injured, and the plant will not *pivoter* after removal. The cuttings or plants are sometimes planted in the ditch which is opened when the land is trenched. They are placed perpendicularly in the ditch, a double handful of manure is placed at the lower extremity, and they are then covered, the dirt being packed so close-

ly around them that they can with difficulty be pulled up. Most frequently holes are made with an iron bar at proper intervals, after the land has been trenched and leveled; or these holes may be made larger with a spade. In all instances the bottom of the hole is filled with manure or mould for the reasons above stated. The depth varies from twenty-two to nine inches, according to the climate, soil, and kind of vine. In Médoc where the culture is the most perfect, the depth is usually fourteen inches. They are planted in beds, rows, squares, and *quincunx*. The distance between the plants varies very much, being greater in the South, and less in the North, where thick planting is said to hasten the ripening of the grapes. In Médoc they are planted in rows, and the distance is three feet between the rows, and three and a half in the row. While in Champagne where the vineyards are planted in irregular *quincunx*, the distance is eighteen inches and less, every way, between the plants. The cutting generally comes into full bearing about the fifth year, but in the colder climates where the growth is slow, this period is sometimes much longer and may even extend to twelve years. Such is a brief account of the manner in which the vineyards are originally formed; once established they may endure indefinitely, the vines being renewed from year to year as occasion may require, by layering or grafts. Thus when it is observed that a vine has become unfruitful, a stout shoot is selected from the best wood that stands near and trained until it attains the requisite length. It is then buried, and the extremity is brought up in the place of the unfruitful vine which was previously, carefully pulled up. The selection of the shoot for the layer is attended to with the

same care as that of the cuttings, and only such as have already given evidence of fruitfulness are chosen. It may be taken from any part of the plant. The length of the layer will of course depend upon the distance between the plants, but the nearer a good shoot can be obtained the better. The layering is performed according to the locality, from February to May. The depth to which it is buried varies from two feet to nine inches. In Médoc it is eighteen inches. The layer, and also the parent stem are well manured. The practice is various in reference to the separation of the layer from the mother plant. Where it is done, an incision is made at the end of the second year, and a final separation is effected in the third or fourth year. The most general custom, however, is to leave them attached, and it is not uncommon to see a dozen vines bound together in this way, especially in the vineyards of the Cote D'or. As to the rest the layer is trimmed and worked like the other plants, and commences bearing in three or four years. The frequency required in renewing the vine by layers varies. In some places one-tenth, in others one-fortieth of the vineyards is renewed each year in this manner, so that in ten or forty years the whole is renewed. Vines are also renewed by grafts; the preference is given to the cleft-graft upon the root. One especial advantage of layering is that it allows a deep manuring, and stirring of the soil to be effected, at the time at which it is performed. Vineyards are not considered as having arrived at perfection until all the plants have been layered. Hence it is obvious that the formation of a vineyard is a process of time, and he is an old man who sees more than one reach the full term of its growth.

The vines thus propagated from

century to century by cuttings, layers and grafts, are not new individuals, but only the same individual rejuvenated. For in order that an individual may be produced, a special act of generation is necessary; this act of generation is manifested in the plant by the seed. Now the laws of nature require that each individual that is born and matures, shall, after a certain interval of time, grow old and die. Hence it follows necessarily, that these vines thus propagated must sooner or later lose their energies and become extinct. Do we not see evidences of this very thing in the great wines of former days, that are no longer made—where is the Massic and Falernian? Perhaps too, the disease known as the *oidium*, so fatal to the vineyards in the last few years, is a forerunner, proclaiming the approaching decrepitude of the modern plant. Certainly the necessity for frequent renewal in the older vineyards can have no other cause. Nevertheless as has been above stated, the vine has never been propagated from seed in France except by accident or by some experimenter. The time requisite is the great obstacle; six or ten years are necessary in that climate to produce a bearing vine from the seed. This period however might be greatly abridged by *layering* and *grafting* the young plant. All who are desirous of introducing the culture of the vine into this country should pay especial attention to seedlings. They should in the first instance be selected from vines produced from the very best European grapes. It is in this manner that we have obtained almost all our excellent varieties of fruit trees, and there is no reason why the vine should prove an exception.

(3) *Trimming*:—As soon as the planting of the vines is completed, the French wine grower commences an

operation which he considers of the highest importance, and greatest delicacy, of all that he performs in the vineyard. When he sees by the swelling of the buds that the plant has taken, he hastens to cut it off a short distance above the first eye. This he repeats for two or three successive years until he judges the plant strong enough to be trimmed into the form which it is destined to take. The trimming of the vines is doubtless of the most significant importance. Its principle depends upon that law of general physiology, which teaches, that "the development of the individual is in the inverse ratio to the capacity for the reproduction of the species." The plant is freed from all redundancy of wood and leaves, only so much being allowed to remain as is essential to the perfect development of the offspring or fruit. Still it must be remarked that trimming seems to be a mania with the French—not a tree in France can escape from a systematic shape imposed on it by *la science de la taille*—until, as a witty traveler observes, they look more like bronze casts of trees, than any true and true live tree. The amount of trimming is according to the plant and the soil. Here the two varieties of dwarf and large vines must be carefully borne in mind. For, if the dwarfs be allowed to grow long, they become encumbered and unfruitful. On the other hand if the opposite variety which only bears its fruit at a distance from the stem, be cut too short, it naturally becomes likewise unfruitful. Where the soil is feeble, the trimming is as close as possible; where, however, it is strong, it is found necessary to allow a greater size to the plant. The great object in every

case is to bring the fruit-bearing branches,* as near as possible to the trunk and ground. Where the fruit-bearing buds are situated at a distance from the stem, it is found necessary to bow them in a half, or sometimes a full circle. Further, the fashion given to the vine depends upon the mode in which it is to be trained. There are three principal manners of trimming. First vines entirely without supports; second those which are supported, and of the latter, those trained to a trellis, and those trained to stakes. The vines without support are found principally in the South of France. As seen in the spring after being trimmed, they present the following appearance: They are two or three feet in height, and consist of a trunk one and a half to three inches thick, and four to six inches high. The trunk supports five to seven branches, varying from four to eight inches in length. From these again spring secondary branches, which are furnished at their extremities with two to four eyes of the preceding year's wood. These eyes constitute the bearing portion of the vine. When the shoots put out in summer they are generally allowed to bend over and trail upon the ground. Sometimes however, the ends are sharpened and stuck in the earth. Thus improvising a support, at the same time that excessive growth is checked and the force of the plant directed towards the fruit. In Médoc, the vines are planted in rows, as we have already said, and trained to a trellis. The trellis consists of a small pole tied horizontally to stakes about fifteen inches in height, above the ground. There are three of these stakes to each vine, one for the stem, and one for each of

* Also that these branches may form as near as possible a right angle with the stem.—Ed.

the lateral limbs of which the vine consists. The trellis is put up every spring before the vines bud, and taken down in the winter when they are trimmed. This is done to avoid the injury done to the trellis itself by exposure. The vines here possess a stout trunk from three to five inches high, supporting two limbs growing from opposite sides. These branches are of from three to eight years' growth, and bear shoots of the preceding years' wood, consisting of six or eight eyes. The shoot is bent in an arc, and trained along the trellis. Vines trained to simple stakes are much the most frequently seen. They are found everywhere, as in the Orleanais the Cote D'or and Sauterne. The stake is about the size and shape of an ordinary pea stick, (some three to five feet long.) They are driven in the ground close by the stalk every spring when the vine commences budding. The vine consists of a trunk varying in height with the locality, from six inches to two feet. From this springs a single short limb, tipped with a twig (one year's wood) bearing from two to eight eyes. Where these twigs grow long they are bowed down and brought in a circle near the ground. In Champagne, where the vine is likewise trained to a stake, the plan is somewhat different. Every fall when the plant is trimmed, the whole of it is buried except the bearing twig of two or four eyes. *To hasten the development of the young plant*, the part which is buried is sometimes stuck through a clod of composition, consisting of swamp mud, plaster, and a peculiar sulphureous earth found in the vicinity. By this continual layering, they obtain a buried stalk among the older vines more than twenty feet in length, which becomes a veritable root.

The vines cultivated in the swamps,

present a peculiarity. They are likewise trained to a stake, or more properly a pole, but only in order to support the bearing wood, for the growth is so luxuriant that the stem and branches are usually able to support themselves. These vines attain a height of from six to twelve feet, and with their six or eight stout branches might be readily mistaken for trees.

The trunk of the vine may flourish until it reaches the age of one hundred and fifty years, but the branches are always much younger. They are trimmed off at the end of three or five years, (after they have been formed—it takes several years careful trimming to form a good branch) and replaced by others springing from the stem. By this means, whatever the age of the stem may be, it is always kept branched off close to the ground. Great stress is laid upon having the fruit-bearing portion of the vine near the ground. The season for trimming is usually in the months of February and March, but it frequently begins in the end of November. The limits of this article will not allow a resumé of the discussion in favor of these two dates. Suffice it to say, the former is in more general practice, and is preferred as retarding the budding, until the warm season is fully commenced. Together with the trimming, I must allude to the custom of lopping off from the stem and branches *all shoots*, except now and then, such as may be required for renewing a branch or forming a layer. The rest of the vine is also trimmed in some places during summer to allow a free exposure of the grapes to the sun and air. For the same reason it is a custom (but not general) to pull off a part of the leaves just before or during the ripening season. The surface roots having been cut away for six inches there are no shoots from the

roots, and therefore the operation generally known among us as suckering, is not required.

(4) *Working*.—The workings given to the vine vary but little, in the different parts of France, in the principle upon which they are performed, the times at which they are bestowed, and their number. In the majority of vineyards the vines receive four workings, rarely only three. The first is given from the middle of March to the first of May, and is intended to uncover the roots. The second follows at a short interval, and covers the roots, and so on alternately. The last working is given shortly before the vintage. Care is taken meanwhile not to disturb the vines while they are in flower, generally in the month of June. In the South of France, and especially in Médoc these workings are given with a plough drawn by a yoke of oxen, and opening a furrow six inches deep. Elsewhere it is performed by hand, with a large, heavy instrument, varying in shape, and resembling a mongrel between the pickaxe and hoe. In this case the earth is drawn from the plant, which is exposed for three to five inches, and piled in pyramidal heaps in the centre of the squares, or quincunx, as the case may be. At the second working the dirt is again brought to the plant, and so on alternately. In some places the workings are not so profound, extending only a couple of inches in depth; it is intended chiefly to clear away the weeds.

(5) *Vintage*.—Formerly the universal custom, in accordance with the doctrines of Virgil, was never to gather the grapes until they had reached the most perfect maturity

possible. At present there is a diversity of opinion and of practice in this respect. The result of leaving the grape long upon the vine is the conversion in a greater degree of the tannic and tartaric acids, which it contains, into sugar. Now there are those who maintain that wines run a double risk from this circumstance. First, if it be drawn from the fermenting vat before the whole of the sugar thus formed is changed into alcohol, it is liable to a second, and acetic fermentation. In the second place, if the conversion of sugar into alcohol has been sufficient, the wine may turn (French *tourner*) during the summer from a want of the preservative action of tannic and tartaric acids. However for this very reason, viz: to increase the sweetness of the wine (perhaps also its bouquet,) the grapes are left in the vineyards of Sauterne until the skins are wilted, and at Johannisberg on the Rhine until they are even partially rotten and have dropped in considerable quantities from the vines, so that they must be gathered from the ground. In many places slight frosts previous to the vintage are not considered as deleterious.—The vintage usually takes place between the middle of September, (which is the time preferred, as the high temperature then favors the complete fermentation of the must,) and the end of October. I was told by a gentleman in Burgundy that he had known it to take place once, in the Cote D'or, as early as the middle of August, (*that year the wine was excellent*;) this, however, is extremely rare. For the most part, the appointment of the date rests with the judgment of the proprietor, but in some districts it is still fixed by an order of the police.

FACTS, ANECDOTES, INTERESTING QUOTATIONS, AND LITERARY ESTRAYS,
ENCOUNTERED IN THE BY-WAYS OF READING.

In Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, one of the most marvelous medleys extant of profound learning, obscure transcendentalism, keen flashes of an insight almost startling into the deep mysteries of life, God, and the Universe, apposite illustration drawn from every possible source of human knowledge, and sound, liberal common sense often directly opposed to a species of twilight speculation, which glimmers, as it were, on "the vanishing points of human intelligence," we find the following pregnant passages in relation to the much disputed topic of the difference between IMAGINATION AND FANCY.

"IMAGINATION I consider either as primary or secondary. The primary Imagination I hold to be the living power and prime agent of all human perception, and as a *repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of Creation in the infinite I AM*. The secondary imagination I consider as an echo of the former, co-existing with the conscious Will, yet still as identical with the primary in the *kind* of its agency, and differing only in *degree* and in the *mode* of its operation. It dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to recreate: or where this process is rendered impossible, yet still at all events it struggles to idealize and to unify. It is essentially *vital*, even as all objects (*as objects*) are essentially fixed and dead.

FANCY on the contrary has no other counters to play with but fixities and definites. The *Fancy* is indeed no other than a mode of memory emancipated from the order of time and space; while it is blended with, and modified by, that empirical phenomenon of the Will, which we express by the word Choice. But equally with the ordinary memory the *Fancy* must receive all its materials ready made from the law of association."

It is not often that Boswell in his Biography of Johnson allows Goldsmith, against whom he seems to have nourished a petty sort of prejudice, (originating in his own inordinate vanity,) a "fair showing" in the frequent arguments which took place between the latter and his hero. The following is an exception to this rule, and is besides among the most spirited of the word-controversies recorded so graphically in Boswell's book: The parties are dining at Gen. Paolis'.

An animated debate arose whether Martinelli should continue his history of England to the present day:

Goldsmith.—"To be sure he should."

Johnson.—"No, sir, he would give great offence. He would have to tell of almost all the living great what they do not wish told."

Goldsmith.—"It may be necessary perhaps for a native to be more cautious; but a foreigner who comes among us without prejudice, may be considered as holding the place of a judge, and may speak his mind freely."

Johnson.—"Sir, a foreigner when he sends a work from the press ought to be on his guard against catching the error and mistaken enthusiasm of the people among whom he happens to be."

Goldsmith.—"Sir, he wants only to sell his history and to tell the truth, one an honest, the other a laudable motive."

Johnson.—"Sir, they are both laudable motives. (*Is not this word misused? purposes would be much better.*) It is laudable in a man to wish to live by his labours, but he must write so as he may live by them, not so as he may be knocked on the head. I would advise him to be at Calais before he publishes his history of the present age.

A foreigner who attaches himself to any political party in this country is in the worst state that can be imagined. He is looked upon as an intermeddler. A native may do it from interest."

Boswell.—"Or principle."

Goldsmith.—"There are people who tell a hundred political lies every day, and are not hurt by it. Surely then one may tell the truth with safety!"

Johnson.—"Why, sir, in the first place he who tells a hundred lies has disarmed the force of his lies. And besides a man would rather have a hundred lies told of him than *one* disagreeable truth."

Goldsmith.—"For my part I'd tell the truth and shame the Devil!"

Johnson.—"Yes, sir, but the Devil will be angry. I wish to shame the Devil as much as you do, but I should choose to be out of the reach of his claws."

Goldsmith.—"His claws can do no harm when you have the shield of Truth!"

Lockhart in his life of Scott, a Biography little if at all inferior in general interest to the more famous work of Boswell, relates this anecdote which illustrates Scott's chivalrous intrepidity.

"A party of Irish medical students, began towards the end of April to make themselves remarkable in the Edinburgh Theatre, where they mustered in a particular corner of the pit, and lost no opportunity of insulting the loyalists in the Boxes by calling for revolutionary tunes, applauding every speech that could bear a seditious meaning, and drowning the national anthem in howls and hootings. The young Tories of the Parliament House resented this license warmly, and after a succession of minor disturbances, the quarrel was put to the issue of a regular trial by combat. Scott was conspicuous among the juvenile advocates and solicitors

who on this grand night assembled in front of the pit armed with stout cudgels, and determined to have *God save the King* not only played without interruption, but sung in full chorus by both company and audience. The Irishmen were ready at the first note of the Anthem. They rose, clapped on their hats, and brandished their shillelahs; a stern battle ensued, and after many a head had been cracked, the loyalists at length found themselves in possession of the field. Next morning the more prominent rioters on both sides were bound over to keep the peace, and Scott was of course among the number. One of the party, Sir Alexander Wood, says, "Walter was our Coriphæus, and signalized himself splendidly in this desperate fray, and nothing used afterwards to afford him more delight than dramatizing its incidents. Some of the most efficient of our allies were previously unknown to him, and of several of those whom he particularly observed he never lost sight afterwards. There were cases in which they owed valuable assistance in life to his recollection of the *Play House Row*."

This intrepid spirit never deserted him. The fact is, the blood of the old Scotch Barons, and the gallant Raiders of the Border flowed in his veins. * * * At a later period of his life—a period of gloom, despondency and embarrassment—he was threatened with a challenge to the field of honor under the following circumstances. "Among the documents," Lockhart informs us, "laid before Scott in the Colonial office, when he was in London at the close of 1826, collecting material for his life of Napoleon, were some which represented one of Buonaparte's attendants at St. Helena, General Gourgaud, as having been guilty of gross unfairness, giving the English Government private information that the Emperor's complaints of ill usage were utterly unfounded, and yet then and afterwards assisting the impression in France as to the harshness of Sir Hudson Lowe's conduct towards his captive. Sir Walter when using these remarkable documents guessed that Gourgaud

might be inclined to fix a personal quarrel on himself, and there now appeared in the newspapers a succession of hints that the General was seriously bent on this purpose." In anticipation of a challenge Scott wrote to his old friend Wm. Clerk, of Edinburgh. We make some extracts of a very interesting nature.

Abbotsford, 27th Aug. 1827.

MY DEAR CLERK:—I am about to claim an especial service from you. * * * Gourgaud like a man who finds himself in a scrape, may wish to fight himself out of it; and if the quarrel should be thrust on me—*why I will not baulk him Jackie*. He shall not dishonor the country through my sides I assure him. * * If he asks any apology or explanation for my having made use of his name, it is *my purpose to decline it, and stand to consequences. I am aware I could march off upon the privileges of literature, and so forth, but I have no taste for that species of retreat*; and if a gentleman says to me I have injured him, however captious the quarrel may be, I certainly do not think as a man of honor, I can avoid giving him satisfaction without intolerable injury to my own feelings, and giving rise to the most malignant animadversions." "*Affectionately yours, Walter Scott.*"

The oddest book probably ever written by a sane man, is *The Life of John Bunce, Esq: containing various observations and reflections made in several parts of the world, and many extraordinary relations, &c.* John's life (John being the representative of the whimsical author Mr. Thomas Amory,) "is not," says Leigh Hunt, "a classic, yet there is a curious interest in all its absurdities, and its animal spirits are at once so excessive and so real, that we defy the best reader not to be entertained with it."

Here is a specimen of the Table of Contents.

1. The History of Miss Noel.
2. A Conversation in relation to the Primævity of the Hebrew tongue.
3. Of Mrs. O'Hara's and Mrs. Grafton's Grottoes.

4. Miss Noel's notion of Hutchinson's Cherubim.

5. The Origin of Earthquakes—of the Abyss, &c.

6. An account of Muscular Motion.

7. An account of ten extraordinary Country Girls.

8. A rule to determine the Tangents of curved lines.

9. What a moral Shekinah is.

10. Picture and Character of Curll, the Bookseller, (whom he describes as "very tall, thin, ungainly, goggle-eyed, white faced, splay-footed, and baker-kneed.") John died when he was upwards of ninety, in the full odour of—jollity!

* * * No country in the world is richer in its Ballads, especially its Ballads of war and love, than Ireland. The only complete collection of these poems we have ever seen lies before us, in the shape of a neat volume, edited by Edward Hayes, and issued by Patrick Donahoe, Boston.

The work is a re-publication, most probably from a Dublin edition, and has been prepared with great care and taste.

In examining the volume, we have been particularly struck with the productions of J. C. Mangan, an author whose name is wholly unfamiliar to the majority of American readers.

Here is one of his most spirited songs, professing to be *from the Ottoman*, but evidently in the main, original. It is called,

THE WAIL AND WARNING OF THE THREE KHALENDEERS.

"Here we meet we three at length,
Amrah, Osman, Perizad,
Shorn of all our grace and strength,
Poor and old, and very sad!
We have lived, but live no more;
Life has lost its gloss for us,
Since the days we spent of yore
Boating down the Bosphorus;
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
Old Time brought home no loss
for us,
We felt full of health and heart
Upon the foamy Bosphorus.
Days indeed! a shepherd's tent

Served us then for house and fold; Gone was all! *our hearts were graves*
 All to whom we gave or lent
 Paid us back a thousand fold.
 Troublous years by myriads wailed,
 Rarely had a cross for us,
 Never when we gaily sailed
 Singing down the Bosphorus!
 The Bosphorus! The Bosphorus!
 There never came a cross for us,
 While we daily, gaily sailed,
 Adown the meadowy Bosphorus.

Blithe as birds we flew along
 Laughed and quaffed, and stared
 about,

Wine and roses, mirth and song,
 Were what most we cared about.
 Fame we left for quacks to seek,
 Gold was dust and dross for us,
 While we lived from week to week
 Boating down the Bosphorus.
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
 And gold was dust and dross for us
 While we lived from week to week
 Aboating down the Bosphorus!

Friends we were and would have
 shared

Purses, had we twenty full,
 If we spent, or if we spared,
 Still our funds were plentiful,
 Save the hours we pass'd apart,
 Time brought home no loss for us,
 We felt full of hope and heart,
 While we clove the Bosphorus;
 The Bosphorus! the Bosphorus!
 For life has lost his gloss for us,
 Since the days we spent of yore,
 Upon the pleasant Bosphorus.

Ah! for youth's delirious hours!
 Man pays well in after days,
 When quenched hopes and palsied
 powers

Mock his love and laughter days:
 Thorns and thistles on our path
 Took the place of moss for us
 Till false fortune's tempest-wrath
 Drove us from the Bosphorus:
 The Bosphorus! the Bosphorus!
 When thorns took place of moss
 for us,

Gone is all! in one abyss
 Lie Health, and Youth and Mer-
 riment!
 All we've learned amounts to this
Life's a sad experiment.
 What it is we trebly feel
 Pondering what it was for us,
 When our shallop's bounding keel
 Clove the joyous Bosphorus;
 The Bosphorus! the Bosphorus!
 We wail for what life was for us,
 When our shallop's bounding keel
 Clove the joyous Bosphorus!

THE WARNING.

Pleasure tempts! yet man has none
 Save himself t' accuse if her
 Temptings prove when all is done,
 Lures hung out by Lucifer.
 Guard your fire in youth, O! Friends!
 Manhood's is but Phosphorus,
 And bad luck attends and ends
 Boatings down the Bosphorus:
 The Bosphorus! the Bosphorus!
 Youth's fire soon wanes in Phos-
 phorus,
 And slight luck or gain attends
 Your boaters down the Bospho-
 rus!

The failing pulses of the three old
 men introduced in the first stanza, touch-
 ed by glowing memories to a momentary
 fire and fullness, and at last sinking back
 to the slow time of a mournful *miserere*,
 the poet has described with an exquisite
 truth and native energy of pathos, which
 could hardly have been surpassed. How
 many of us are there who having buried
 our youth and hope, can only exclaim
 in glancing back to the past,

"All we've learned amounts to this!
Life's a sad experiment!"

* * * "The following," says that
 admirable monthly, the *New York His-
 torical Magazine*, "is an exact copy of
 a very rare and curious autograph letter
 in the MS. collection of Frank M. Etting,
 of Philadelphia; it displays the gallant
 Morgan in an entirely new light."

This epistle will form a valuable edi-
 tion to the "Unpublished Revolutionary

Papers" which have appeared from time to time in this Magazine:

PHILADELPHIA, }

11th Jan'y, 1798. }

SIR: I rec'd the Packett you Directed to me. I recollect about 20 years since that a number of Quaker friends were sent to Winchester by Government, for some cause which I never understood so well, not being in the Legislature, but in a Department, the employment of which afforded little time to enquire into the propriety or impropriety of your Banishment—but I well recollect you among others of the unfortunate—am sorry to observe that such misfortunes generally take place on revolutions, and often very unjustly.

But why at the same time you suppose that I Differ with you in religious principles I am at loss to conjecture but if that is really the case that you Differ with me in the fundamental principles of religion I must conceive you to be wrong and to decide that matter must give you a part of my belief which will Differ widely from Tom Pain's creed. I believe in one God, the first and great cause of all goodness. I also believe in jesus christ the redeemer of the world. I also believe in the Holy gost the comforter—here perhaps we may Differ a little as I believe jesus christ was from eternity and a part of the godhead—was Detached by the Father to Do a certain piece of service which was to take on Human Nature, which Human Nature was to suffer Death for the redemption of Mankind and when that service was compleatly fulfilled that he returned to and was consolidated with the Godhead. I further believe that all that are saved must be saved through the merits of christ. I believe the Holy gost to be a part of the Divinity of the Father & son coequal with both, is left here to comfort all that Hun-

ger & thirst after righteousness, a spark of which inhabits the breast of mankind as a monitor. These are a part of my ideas on the subject of religion. I could say more on the subject of which these are the Heads, but time & paper would be wanting.

As to war I am and alwise was a great Enemy at the same time a warrior the greater part of my life & were I young again should still be a warrior while Ever this Country should be invaded and I lived—a Defensive war I think a righteous war, to Defend my life & property & that of my family, in my own opinion, is right & justifiable in the sight of God. An offensive war I believe to be wrong, would therefore have nothing to do with it—having no right to meddle with another man's property, his ox or his ass, his man servent his maid servent or anything that is his.—Neither has he a right to meddle with anything that is mine if he Does I have a right to defend it force by force. I have here said more than I intended. Nor would I have ever said much on religion but alwise wished to support it as I alwise thought it the first streng (strength?) and best support to good government whare you have no religion you are sure to have no government for as religion Disappears anarchy takes (its) place and fixes a compleat Hell upon Earth, till religion returns. So it is and so it will be in France How long we Dont know & I wish it may not come Here for I think I discover its approaches. I am, Sir,

Your H^{ble} serv't,

DAN'L MORGAN.

Addressed on cover to "Miles Fisher, Esq'r., Philadelphia."

* * To a reader who wishes to unite instruction with amusement, we know of no work better calculated to serve his purpose than Coleridge's *Table*

Talk. It is full of learning, full of wisdom, and full of wit. Poe's *Marginalia* is but an ingenious imitation of it. In the *Table Talk*, you feel that you are conversing with one who speaks out of the rich superabundance of his mind; but the *Marginalia* is often pedantic, and seldom original.

From Coleridge's work we select the following:

"The discipline at Christ's Hospital in my time was ultra Spartan: all domestic ties were to be put aside. 'Boy!' I remember Bower saying to me once when I was crying the first day of my return after the holidays, 'Boy! the school is your father; boy! the school is your mother; boy! the school is your brother, the school is your sister, the school is your first cousin, the school is your second cousin, and—and—all the rest of your relations. Let's have no more crying!'"

"Is it not lamentable—is it not even marvelous that the monstrous practical sophism of *Malthus* should now have gotten complete possession of the leading men of the kingdom? Such an essential lie in morals, such a practical lie in fact as it is too! I solemnly declare that I do not believe that all the heresies and sects, and lies, which the ignorance, weakness and wickedness of men have ever given birth to, were altogether so disgraceful to man as a Christian, a philosopher, a statesman, or a citizen as this abominable tenet. It should be exposed by reasoning in the form of ridicule; Asgill or Swift, would have done much, but it is so vicious a tenet, so flattering to the cruelty, the avarice, the sordid selfishness of most men, that I hardly know what to think of the result."

"A loose, slack, not well-dressed youth met Mr. —, and myself in a lane near Highgate. Mr. — knew him and spoke. It was Keats:

he was introduced to me, and stayed a minute or so. After he had left us a little way he came back and said: "Let me carry away the memory, Coleridge, of having pressed your hand." "There's death in that hand," I said to my companion, when Keats was gone; yet this was *before* the consumption had showed itself distinctly."

"Why need we talk of a fiery hell? if the *will* which is the law of our nature were withdrawn from our memory, fancy, understanding, and reason, no other hell could equal for a spiritual being what we should then feel *from the anarchy of our powers*. It would be *conscious madness*—a horrid thought!"

"Kemble would correct any body at any time, and in any place.—Charles Matthews—a true genius in his line—told me he was once performing privately before the king. The king was much pleased with the imitation of Kemble, and said: "I liked Kemble very much; he was one of my earliest friends. I remember once he was talking, and found himself out of snuff. I offered him my box. He declined taking any—he a poor actor could not put his fingers into a royal box.' I said, 'take some, pray; you will oblige me.' Upon which Kemble replied, 'It would become your royal mouth much better to say, *oblige me*—and took a pinch!"

"There are two principles in every European and Christian State—Permanency and Progression. In the civil wars of the 17th century in England, which are as new and fresh now as they were a hundred and sixty years ago, these two grand principles came to a struggle. It was natural that the great and the good of the nation should be found in the ranks of either side. In the

Mohammedan States there is no principle of permanence; and *therefore*, they sink directly. They existed, and could only exist, in their efforts at progression: when they ceased to conquer they fell to pieces. Turkey would long since have fallen, had it not been supported by the rival and conflicting interests of Christian Europe. The Turks have no Church; religion and state are one; hence, there is no counterpoise, no mutual support. This is the very essence of their Unitarianism. They have no Past; they are not an historical people; they exist only in the present. China is an instance of *permanency* without *progression*. The Persians are a superior race: *they* have a history and a literature. They were always considered by the Greeks as distinct from the other Barbarians."

It is singular to what an extent the author of the "Fairy Queen"—following the universal custom of the writers of his age—is indebted for many of his most exquisite scenes, and touching descriptions to the great romantic Poets of Italy. One of our literary friends—an admirable Italian scholar—has recently called our attention to an instance of what *we* would term unmitigated plagiarism, but what in the 16th century was doubtless considered a perfectly fair transference of ideas from one language into another. Ben Jonson tells us that *he* looked upon a good translation as holding *at least* equal rank, intellectually, with an original invention, and Spencer, it would appear, entertained the same opinions.

The following stanza from the "Fairy Queen," (the instance just referred to,) is characterized by Leigh Hunt, whose italics we adopt as "perhaps the loveliest thing of the kind, mixing the sensuous with the graceful, that ever was painted!" The description is entitled,

A NYMPH BATHING.

"Her fair locks which formerly were bound

Up in one knot, she low adown did loose,

Which flowing long and thick, he clothed around,

And the ivory in golden mantle gown'd,

So that fair spectacle was from him reft,

Yet that which reft it no less fair was found:

So hid in locks and waves from lookers' theft,

Naught but her lovely face she for his looking left!

* * * * *

"Withal she laugh'd, and she blush'd withal,

That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,

And laughter to her blushing."

Now, in the *fifteenth Book* of the "Gerusalemme Liberata," and forming a part of the *sixty-first and sixty-second stanzas*, we find the following, which we present to the reader with a literal interlinear translation:

1. "E'l crin, che'n cima al capo avea raccolto

1. And her hair, which to the top of her head she had gather'd

2. In un sol nodo, immantinente sciolsse,

2. Up in one knot, immediately she did loose,

3. Che lunghissimo in giù cadendo, e folto,

3. Which falling adown very low and thick,

4. D' un dureo manto i molli avorj involse.

4. With a golden mantle wrapped the soft ivories.

5. O che vago spettacolo è lor tolto!

5. Oh! what a fair spectacle is from them reft!

6. Ma non men vago fu chi loro il tolse.

6. But not less fair was what reft it from them!

7. Così dall' acque e da' capelli as cosa

7. Thus then by the water, and her hair concealed,

8. Allor si volse lieta e vergognosa.

8. She turned beaming with delight and modest.

- * * * * *
9. Rideva insieme, e insieme ella
arrossia,
9. She laughed withal, and withal
she blushed,
10. Ed era nil rossor più bello il
riso,
10. And in the blushing more grace-
ful was the laughter,
11. Nel riso il rossor"—
11. And in the laughter, the blush-
ing!"

Nothing could be more exquisite than Spencer's translation of these passages, but evidently the credit of the entire conception belongs to Tasso. Certainly the Italian poets of the 15th and 16th centuries have some reason to complain of the free appropriation with which their works were honored by their tuneful brethren of the North. Not only the

modern Italian, but the ancient classic writers—especially the minor Latin poets—received the most flattering attentions of a similar kind. Ben Jonson, to whom we have alluded, took the idea and much of the language of his famous song, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," from the love letters of Philostratus. His lyric, "Still to be neat, still to be dressed," he owes altogether to a Latin song, by Jean Bonnefons, although as one of his critics has remarked, the point of the original, "*Fingere se semper non est confide amori*," is oddly enough omitted in his version. If we examine the plays of the old Dramatists with any care, we will discover that they all are open to the charge which has been urged against Jonson. It cannot be denied, however, that in appropriating, they have often wonderfully beautified, and infused fresh vigor and spirit into the productions of the authors, from whom they have unceremoniously borrowed some of their best thoughts.

MILTON.

Milton, the master of that mighty band
Whose harps are strung in the far misty North;
Master sublime! he laid his skillful hand
On the strong chords of language, and struck forth
Undying sacred harmonies, whose sound
Rolls upward ever to the blue concave
Supernal, and transcends the awful bound
Where ghastly Death and Sin their father brave.
His sightless orbs were closed on things below;
Rapt, like th' Apostle in his dream divine,
Beyond this mortal life to worlds that glow
With glory of the Lamb, he did resign
The fleeting vision of this earthly show
The Revelation of his God to know.

THE POET.

Thou art a Poet, and thy aim has been
To draw from every thought, and every scene
Psychal, and natural, that serene delight
Wherewith our God hath made his worlds so bright.
The sense of Beauty—the immortal thrill
Of intuitions throned above our Will—
The secret of that yearning, dim, but strong
Which yields the pulse to Hope—the wings to Song.

MEXICO.

The destinies of Mexico, which at an early period inspired the aggressive spirit of Burr and Jackson; exposed the perfidy of Wilkinson, and the vindictive rivalry of Jefferson, seem, in this nineteenth century, to have been revived by a new sect of political propagandists.

Sympathies in behalf of the enlightenment of oppressed and heathenish humanity have been awakened, and an enthusiasm aroused, long since truthfully foreshadowed by Edmund Burke:

"No domain or property is secure when it becomes large enough to tempt the cupidity of indigent power."

The Duke of Wellington, of higher authority, as of more experience, speaks of the *rapacity* of the "Anglo Saxon" soldiery, "*in the presence of temptation*," as not to be restrained by any discipline however vigilant or severe.

Socialism in the revulsions of the French Revolution anathematized property as "*theft*," and elevated sedition into a virtue.

In this model federation of political transcendentalism, Kansas illustrates through "squatter pauper sovereignty," and "aid societies;" and Utah, in the "spiritual book of Mormon," this strong instinct of indigence, to spoil and plunder, as a more inspiring mode of acquisition than well regulated and legitimately directed enterprise. The one becomes a pastime for the hangers on of society, claiming and appropriating, as an inheritance, the hazardingly won trophies of private adventure and honest endur-

ance. The "wilderness is made to blossom like the rose," that its fruits and its flowers should be rifled by an ever vigilant and pauper banditti!

Only through careful study, and a correct comprehension of the conflicting elements of disorder in the Republic of Mexico, is it possible satisfactorily to probe the derangements, which have retarded or postponed her advancement to the *serenity of self-government*. To many these disturbing changes have seemed the foreshadowings of dissolution to its social system, or of gradual absorption by an "Anglo Saxon neighbor," asserting superior intelligence, and *more tutored* faith in the *rules of law and order in political society*. These frequent divisions, however, of the unit of sovereignty, these periodical segregations of the central supremacy, encourage a reliance that they will ultimately prove the political crucibles in which the compound of a federation of States may yet amalgamate in harmony under a central bond. Since the revulsions in Mexico have become strifes for civil liberty and constitutional self-government, the liberal organizations have confidently turned to the United States, as "the beacon lights," on the unknown sea of political adjustments. Without studying the origin or different condition of the two countries in population and institutions, a mere *fractional part* of the popular sovereignty of Mexico, with the illuminism of the French schools, embraced the phantom of liberty like an ignis fatuus in a wilderness of ideas: flying be-

fore absolutism, and a crushing superstition, they could spy no refuge but in disorder and anarchy. The storm convulsing the political elements of civilization, they hoped would be succeeded, as in a neighboring federation, by the silence of a returning calm. On their first triumph, when the empire of Iturbide was overthrown, the liberal party precipitated itself on the cross paths of civil and religious toleration, upon which their Anglo-American neighbours were rapidly advancing; but not before they had been previously exercised by a long probation in the lessons and antagonisms of political and constitutional liberty.

This British erratic star coruscating from Runnymede in its progress westward, did not shed its light on benighted Mexico, until forty-five years after it had reignited its decaying embers on a new continent in the declaration of *Colonial Independence*; when, having achieved national separation from Castilian rule, the few, to whom its inspirations were made visible, struck for the freedom of *self-government* as the *inheritance of national sovereignty*. Mexican gossip has recorded that in this political initiation into the dogmas of British liberty, an American Envoy read out the text without its practical illustrations, and mingling the mysteries of masonry with those of the Church of Guadalupe, which exercised a superstitious sway over all Mexico, the receivers of the new faith were, to employ a somewhat bold illustration, launched upon a fiery comet, that takes its departure and makes its reappearance at intervals, within our political sphere; without the intelligence or power as yet to control or regulate its revolutions in a less *erratic orbit around a common centre*. Had the Government of the United States then interposed

in the spirit of the Monroe manifesto "not to regard with indifference the attempts at European recolonization in the Americas," instead at this late hour of Mexican tribulations and falterings, precipitating what has now been declared as *determined policy*, the land of the Aztecs would have stood erect among the progressive and equally *unfixed Republics of America*.—Left thus however alone, in an unequal struggle into which she had been stimulated by a Northern light, untutored and undisciplined in this political school of new readings and interpolations on civil and religious toleration, unaided and unsympathized with by her nearest neighbour in a kindred cause; her failure in the honorable attempt at a re-organization of law and government should not, at least by the United States, be made a subject of contemptuous reproach to Mexican Eleveés, yet unmatriculated in the horn-book of self-government, law and order. Indeed it should be more a matter of commendation than of reproach or ridicule, that this inconsiderable and untutored Spartan band, which had, through successive generations, been indoctrinated in the dogma of the divine origin of governments civil, as well as ecclesiastical, just emerging from the darkness of superstition and bigotry; poor in resources and weak in numbers, should for more than thirty years have maintained their organizations, and alternated the powers and authorities of government, with the overwhelming elements of a most powerful opposition, endorsed too by the diplomacy of European and Salamanca alliances, and ever in vigilant and enduring conflict. Like the Hydra, however, the heavens and throes in the cause of religious toleration, gather renewed strength from every effort to stifle them, and two heads appear

for each one cut from the original trunk. Indifferent to the secret efforts of European recolonization in Mexico, and without the sympathy or encouragement of the *statesmanship* of Monroe, the politicians in the Anglo American school reprove in mockery each successive effort in the sacred cause; and outrage and overawe in a spirit of overshadowing cupidity, every Mexican demonstration to cast off an untiring despotism. "The American LaFayettes" in arrogant sympathy with Mexico and Nicaragua, like the frozen snake thawed into a new existence by the warming fire hearths of Castilian hospitality, turn treacherously upon those who had befriended them. They come to *succor*, but remain to *prey*. The administrations preceding the present, which is just beginning to develop its foreign policy, were most distinguished in these mystifications. In Nicaragua and Cuba, as well as Mexico, they have been left as legacies to successors in place. Instructions to Envoys insinuate one line of policy, while spies and confidential agents, counteract and oppose them in the hidden places of its foreign diplomacy. While European governments are most exacting in respect to Envoys, the exponents of sovereignty, and most punctilious in the courtesies of intercourse, American Ministers, meet with no governmental endorsement of that due its representatives at the courts where they are accredited, or of the decorums which a refined civilization imposes upon the social political system. While in the meshes of public negotiation, on questions of deep interest, affecting the amicable relations between contiguous Republics, the mystifications of home politicians on this element of domestic disagreement, have to be reconciled with those encountered abroad, and the ab-

stractions favorable to political federations of self-government, in the new continent of asylums and refuge, become doubly untrustworthy in the *example* and *pretensions* of the Anglo American Pioneer; seeking to dragoon all "*outside barbarians*" under one popular empire of cupidity and brigandism.

The mission of Mr. Soulé to Ancient Castile, was discomforted through the personal influence of a squatter sovereign constituency, claiming ministerial protection, while the approaches of a liberal and enlightened diplomacy, willing to pay a *full* equivalent for what may have been coveted by the United States, were countermined by English and French hostility, and an inquisitorial impeachment passed on an unsuspecting Envoy, veiled in the political cloisture of "an Ostend Conference." The permitted reappearance of Santa Anna with a free pass, through the blockading squadrons of Vera Cruz, into power, and his assumption of military command, remains to this day unexplained; he had been thrice rebuked for treachery and treason to a too confiding people, inspired in a cause to which the statesmanlike magnanimity of Monroe had extended its political and kindred sympathies. Thus powerfully opposed at home, and betrayed by treacherous chiefs in whom they had reposed all confidence, they find themselves now rudely deserted at the most critical period of their political trials by a neighbour and a pioneer, on which they had relied. The war precipitated on them at that crisis of internal distraction, and terminating in the forcible acquisition of more than one half of the remaining domain of the republic, manifested more of the squatter pauper sovereignty for the enlargement of territory and of spoil, than the magnanimity confided in, as the

inheritance of a North American neighbour.

The boundary issue entailed on the United States by the annexation of Texas with the very doubtful claim on any domain west of the Neuses, could have been amicably adjusted if the Government at Washington had responded in the same spirit to the friendly overtures from the liberal authorities then in power at Mexico. The great brigand, who spoiled at home while he outraged abroad, had been again expelled from the land of his abuses, leaving as a legacy the San Jacinto expulsion from the colony of Austin. Herrera had succeeded to power, and was as friendly to the institutions of the United States, as he was to those equally liberal; which it was his solicitude and ambition to see triumphant in his own country. Deeply impressed with the policy of preserving the most kindred relations with a neighbour and a *Pioneer* in the same *political cause*, President Herrera proposed to resume diplomatic intercourse on the Texian boundary alone, and expressed a solicitude to receive a *commissioner "ad hoc"* to arrange and adjust that primary object between the two republics, as he did not feel prepared so soon after taking his seat in the Executive Chair, to meet the other issues and committals of the great disturber of the peace of Mexico. After he had subdued the great betrayer of the real progress of his country, he forfeited the opportunity of working out the problem of *Mexican Regeneration* by seeking for Texas, from whence the common law of British freedom with all its enlightenment was moving with the declining sun, the protection of a power, which now, in its arrogance of supremacy, he invokes to centralize on a federation for the frequent disorders and dissolutions of which the enlightened sovereign

member of Saxon colonization, must ever be held responsible. For from Texas now advances the threatening sword of subjugation, instead of the holier mission of "regeneration and civilization." A new dogma in the faith of American propagandism.

The Government of the United States, however, with more of the desire for territorial expansion than the spirit to adjust limits with a neighbour, imposes on President Herrera an Ambassador of extraordinary powers, to imperiously demand prompt settlement of all American claims. The docket of declarations was alarming, including that interminable fraud, the *Tehuantepec Transit*. The history of this inexplicable American pretension, complicated in the volumes of ministerial opinions on its validity, but all shivered into fragments by the searching legal acumen of Minister Ramirez, and which for years has exercised a paralyzing influence on Mexican relations from its first initiation by a humble Mexican citizen, endorsed by a British Consulate which had forfeited the confidence of its government, is now said to have been closed in conciliation of all conflicting interests, by a participating Senator of the United States, who was permitted to supersede the Envoy in the reconciliation of its embarrassments with the Government of Mexico. We should not be surprised at the gradual disappearance of American influence and respect at the capital, before the more soothing, vigilant and ever conciliating spirit of France, England, and Spain towards Mexico. The Envoy of the United States, on this occasion of forcible intrusion, was not received, and after vaporizing and threatening, had to retire with the admonition—that Castilian pride is not to be humbled, but effervesces most under insulted poverty. But

Carthaginian faith becomes the symbol of modern Vandalism. The legions of American Rome have pronounced "Delenda est Carthago." Mexican Peons and African slaves have become alike objects for sympathizing Puritanism in its missions to suffering humanity. With the Southern Cavalier and the French Huguenot, Monastism and Jesuitism have presumed to Christianize the heathen; to open their platos and forests to the enterprises of civilization; to unseal the golden gates to the precious metals; to reclaim swamps; to fertilize deserts; to *preserve arts and letters*, and with bloated wealth, to rear up opulent States, and rich commercial emporiums. All these trophies of labor, study and adventure, have been ushered into "*the presence of temptation*," and the rapacity of "indigent power," demands its reclamation.

An American General after a sanguinary immolation of 3,000 Mexicans and Anglo Americans, at "Moulin del Reis," and without an object but for the trophies of victory, is thus inspired in a Bulletin, on the superiority of the latter caste, and the degrading instincts of the former:

"The details of occupation are comparatively unimportant. I mean by occupation, *permanent conquest and future annexation*. Harmonize the occupation with our system of government. Lay off the country into territories, organize territorial governments, appoint civil Governors, and go through all the other ceremonies which we have practiced with regard to the formation of territories, and their subsequent admission into the Union as States. Each of these might be constituted into a military district and assigned—subject to civil rule—to competent military officers to aid the territorial government in the execution of the laws and the preservation of order. Forty thousand men would be sufficient for this purpose, to be supported by the country occupied, and it can be demonstrated—applying our admirable system of accountability and administration in financial affairs—that so far from imposing burdens, it would lighten those under which these people

now groan, fifty per cent. Under their system, or the want of it, notoriously seventy-five of every hundred dollars received through the customs, and other innumerable sources of taxation, goes into the pockets of the vagrant military, or other equally vagrant employees. In the next generation the military might be withdrawn. The advantages flowing to the Mexican people, as well as to ourselves, from this ultimate incorporation, in everything which concerns security of person, property and the prosperity of commerce, are too obvious to invite comment."

The comments of the "Richmond South" on the "startling plan" so gravely suggested, "for the permanent conquest and future annexation of Mexico to the United States," if the model federation "of order and enlightened progress" should at the crisis, for plucking "*the forbidden fruit*" have an existence, are so apposite that its views are substituted in response, for what, in the same spirit, might have been enlarged on:

"The plan suggested is a very bold one. It is such a one as we might expect from a soldier. So far as Mexico is concerned, it may have resulted favorably to her interests. But that is not the only consideration. How would it have affected our own interests? What an amount of patronage it would have placed in the hands of the government? What an immense army it would have required? Then, in this vast amount of territory, we would have conflicting interests. Civil wars would probably result. Some ambitious General, availing himself of home troubles, would seek and obtain a pronunciamiento in his favor, and like some Roman pro-consul struggling for the imperial purple, would gather his provincial forces, enter the country, with the approval of some party, and seize the reins of government. It seems to us that our government is purely one of peace. When our army reaches a size to dare to attempt interference in our government affairs, military factions will arise, and under the popular enthusiasm which military genius everywhere excites, particularly in America, will entirely subvert our form of government. Leave Mexico to time. Let us beware of the folly of attempting to save a decaying nation. The dangers are too great for the promise of success."

Inspired by this military manifesto

for subjugation and spoil, (written and issued in the spirit with which Santa Anna shot his last Parthian arrow against his obdurate subjects,) the United States have already conquered, and acquired by purchase, more domain from Mexico than colonization, animated by free-soil Aid Societies and a pro-slavery African trade, can for centuries appropriate. The Democratic Review, even before the President had sought the opportunity of indicating clearly his policy on Mexican relations, thus declares itself "Ex Cathedra."

"There are other arguments which press home upon us the policy for which we are contending. Mexico, as she has been, and as she is still, is a disgrace to North America—an opprobrium to the whole system of Republicanism, and consequently a disgrace to the United States. She is our neighbour. She is nominally a free Commonwealth, and yet she has always, since her Independence, been giving the lie to her professions. This thing should be stopped. No nation has a right in this manner to blaspheme the holy name of liberty. Our Republic has suffered long enough by contact with such a sham concern. We must now redeem our own reputation, and in the act redeem Mexico herself.

"But we limit our arguments for this policy entirely to the grounds we have based it on. We do not place it on any narrow basis. We do not covet Mexico for our own sake, for it would be the readiest joke imaginable to take it in that case, and say nothing about it. But we should absorb Mexico for *her own sake*. To emancipate her from despotism and anarchy which are plunging her eight million people into barbarism; and we should do it for the good of the world. The realms of our regenerating fire should be poured into her bosom. She should be dragged up from degradation, and raised into the constellation of free States. This is the work our Republic has yet to do. It is the business of statesmanship to determine the manner of its accomplishment."

This exordium of National Democracy, on its mission to a promised inheritance, was foreshadowed by Don Onís in his remonstrances on Jackson's invasions of Florida. With great truthfulness, and far seeing philosophy did the Castil-

ian Don admonish the Puritan Adams on the dangers of bringing Mexico and its golden trophies, or with their temptations into the presence of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Under the pretence of a spiritual propagandism and the promptings of a higher political morality, one Senator in the Council on Foreign Relations, gravely proposes "the forcible entry" of a "protectorate" over the domain, and the spoiling of already depleted and humiliated Mexico. At the very hour that the vanquisher of Santa Anna, inheriting the virtues of the conquered, vociferates on Mexican degeneracy and disorder, and on the solemn obligation on a purified, and "inevitable destiny" commonality, to shield Mexico from "despotism and anarchy," there is heard from another quarter of the Sanhedrim, in tones no less loud and defiant, such admissions as these:

"We speak of the corruptions of Mexico, of Spain, of France, and other governments, with a great deal of truth, according to all accounts; but from my experience and observation, which have been somewhat extensive, I do not believe to-day, there is as corrupt a government under the heavens as these United States.

Mr. Hale.—Nor I either.

Several Senators.—I agree to that.

Mr. Toombs.—And most of all its corruption is in the legislative department.

Another of the Conscript Fathers in the Federal Senate, appeals to the obligations of the United States to pluck this last jewel from the Spanish crown, and to bring the gem of the Antilles, like Kansas and Utah, within the "squatter sovereignty" harmonies of an overshadowing federation. A diplomacy "for soothing, and not offending Castilian pride" is sarcastically recommended; and exposures made in the councils of the republic, of a determined policy for *territorial expansions*, humbling and insulting, instead of fraternizing in the spirit

of a kindred neighbourhood—with offered reciprocations of political confidence of an enlightened commerce—and the humanizing civilization of social intercourse and commercial exchanges in the productions of labor. Toleration, civil and religious; free trade; moderate taxation; subserviency of the monied power to State; no debt; and strict construction of the constitution, have lost their *moralé* abroad, in the overshadowing home policy of politicians for "place and the spoils," of antagonizing sections for supremacy of power and patronage, and of mystifying statesmanship in our foreign relations, united with the vulgarisms of a domestic and ultra radicalism. The enthusiasm of regenerating States, of struggling republics in the new school of Anglo American toleration, have thus been paralyzed abroad, and superstition and fanaticism retain their ascendancy.

These readings from our political institutes; these chronicles of disruptions and disagreements on the guarantees for harmony and equality in our political system, have all proved enigmatical and bewildering to the younger American Republics, inspired into a nervous existence by the "Northern light." "These *ignes fatui*," in the obscurities of a political swamp, have proven greater impediments to the advancement, through the labyrinths of a gloomy superstition to toleration and self-government in Mexico, than the bigoted and hitherto unsubdued opposition, rooted in a long darkened domain. While they have alarmed and discouraged the weaker element, the *Liberal*, in Mexico, struggling for the mastery, they have greatly confirmed the stronger—the *absolute*, in the argument presented, that the United States have not yet consummated self-control at home, or been consistent in their

own declarations of non-intervention beyond the political moral of her own teachings abroad, but have declined into a political organization for territorial aggrandizement, stimulating internal anarchy in the divisions of the spoils. The long protracted and heated agitations in the States, resisting federal usurpation of supremacy, without approximating to harmony in our system, every compromise only stimulating to new issues. The Kansas embroglio, with that of Utah, have all become in Mexico as much subjects of retort, on the falterings of our free institutions of law and obedience, without the intervention of the bayonet, as their unadjustment of hearth feuds, between the ever contending elements in civil society—absolutism and liberty, power and freedom, governors and governed. These are, however, the antagonisms of civilization and the social bond, which, like the attractive and repulsive influences of our solar system, when well poised, preserve harmony in the revolutions around a *common* center. This was considered the triumph of the American Revolution, in our admirably balanced governments, *the common law of ages*, for the *guardianship* of *British liberty*; the bequest of our Lyncurguses, with the solemn injunction, touch it not—mutilate or compromise it not, until the framers should see fit to return on earth, to amend or obliterate. The spirit of our patriot forefathers would seem to be on its descent, to revise and consummate a regeneration, more in harmony than the first essay with a millennium, "of peace on earth and good will among nationalities and federations." This was the supposed Anglo Saxon mission on a new continent, which should have been consummated here in the spirit which directed it, before outside

ignorance and barbarism are anathematized for having faltered in the faith. The United States reared the beacon light to the American port of refuge, but our harbor of vaunted safety has proven as insecure and agitated, as those deserted by navigators in search of a home and a resting place. An ancient ally was first inspired on the voyage to equalize the supremacy of power, and to reconcile the conflicts of interest among those who were the subjects of oppression and wrong. In a desperate navigation through seas of blood; in an inspired crusade to the tomb of Washington; lightened by the blaze of propaganda, France has had to return to her ancient absolutism, and although "the agony remains," she no longer reposes in the bosom of her legitimate monarchs. France now rusticates in a military despotism. But this calm of power has brought no political healing balm to modern Gilead. Already in the midst of the feasts and fates of triumph, has the lightning flashed from the point of the enthusiast's dirk, and the explosions of the torpedo sounded another disruption between the centripetal and centrifugal elements of discord in the harmonies of political society.—There have been no invocations, however, from "National Democracy" to the rescue of an early ally "from anarchy and barbarism." Its sympathies seemed reserved for the virgin soil, which has "so blasphemed in the growth of liberty." "It is for Mexico," that the spirit of redemption must be re-awakened, and in the act, the United States redeem a new born Republic." Aztec is still in her heaves and her throes for political regeneration, but with the incubus of a subduing superstition, and of a spiritual power, for centuries darkening the land, unsympathized with, and not en-

couraged by those who first gave the inspiration. Like its volcanoes, the inflaming fire of liberty within, can only cast its lava on the surface; in the intervals of the exhaustions of successive eruptions that have continued for thirty years on a still barren soil. The seed has been sown broadcast—but Satan is ever vigilant, when the husbandmen slumber. That the internal fires of Mexican redemption are not yet quenched by the chilling frosts of bigotry and despotism, that ever whiten her snow capped mountains; that her volcanoes still belch out their burning lava on every exciting occasion, are evidences that the torches of *civil and conservative constitution freedom* in Mexico, still burn brightly. And if aided by a sister Republic, which in all its relations to neighbours, is giving "the lie to her earlier inspirations and professions," liberty and equality, order and harmony, would have been as well established in Mexico as in the United States, into whose school, Mexico indiscreetly essayed a humble introduction. But though engaged in a common cause, and a new continent of our own, "the asylum of oppressed, and persecuted humanity," equally interested in establishing a system of universal toleration in the Americas; though in fearful, and unequal conflict with the opposing and vindictive enemy, backed by Europe, and with the divine infallibility of Church and State anchored in the country, has not received from any administration of the United States, one sympathizing demonstration favorable to the liberal triumph in Mexico. Amid the shrieks for freedom which are still echoed on the fall of every Kosciusko, this episode on American diplomacy in Mexican revolutions, is important to explain the outside impediments to an earlier triumph, of the *liberal and tol-*

erant, in their government. It has been four or fivetimes in the ascendant, and in recognized supremacy at home, as well as abroad, and might now have escaped "as a reproach to free commonwealths," had the United States sought on terms of equality, those enlightened relations of neighbourhood and reciprocal intercourse, which would have proven stronger bonds of union, than the presumptuous attempts to overshadow and dragoon into annexation and protectorates. But the hallucination of home policy—*sectional supremacy* and *sectional subserviency*, has been insinuated into the diplomacy with our nearest and most distracted neighbor. No statesmanship has been manifested in any of the relations sought with Mexico; no reciprocations of an enlightened commerce treated for; no generous rivalry in enterprises, stimulating the advancement of both, to prosperity and security; but like the plantation States of our own Federation, Mexican mines were too tempting to "the cupidity of unprincipled poverty," to treat with the possessors as *equals* or *neighbours*. Envoys were lowered into land jobbers for domain, or into agents and attorneys to negotiate the speculations of loafing Americans, seeking contracts in the purlieus of the palace; countenanced by Secretaries of State and endorsed by feed Attorney Generals and confidential Messengers, *to keep envoys loyal to their degraded vocation*.

That the liberal and reforming element among the antagonisms for civil and ecclesiastical rule in Mexico has not been crushed; that it is still inspired and progressive amid temporary defeats and disappointments, may be more clearly proved by a brief recurrence to the revolutionary history of Mexico, detailing the difficulties and imped-

iments to a more perfect consummation and triumph.

The revolution in Mexico did not originate with the liberation of the subject from despotic rule; it began in the desire for *continental independence*—for a government in the new world, under native officials, independent of Spain. The vision of individual liberty had not then shed its light on the benighted subjects of an absolute monarchy, indoctrinated in the dogma, for centuries, that *governments, temporal* and *spiritual*, were of divine institution. With no appreciation of personal freedom, beyond what their Viceroy, the church of Guadalupe graciously extended, in the enjoyment of social liberty, transcending that meted out in Protestant America; and cleansed of their sins whenever the visitations of conscience prompted confession; perfectly contented with their domestic condition, they bowed in humility to their Pope and King, and only struck against Spanish claims for "place and spoil." The issue for Mexico, was severance from Spain—a separate gem in the crown of the monarch, not to be overshadowed by the other jewels of Castilian power. In the beginning of these revulsions, which still distract Mexico, there was no renunciation of allegiance to Ferdinand and the Pope, whose vicegerency from God was regarded with all the sacredness of bigoted believers in the faith. The attempt of Napoleon at that period, to overshadow kingdoms and dynasties, and bring them within the confederation of the French Empire; treachery towards Ferdinand, and the substitution of his brother Joseph in the kingdom of Spain, were not without their influence on these trans-Atlantic movements; to save Ferdinand for Mexico, and Mexico for the legitimate heir to the realm of Ferdinand and

Isabella. In evidence of this, the explosions in Mexico were first heard from the Monastery. Hidalgo and Morelos, two priests in the church of Guadalupe, struck the organ notes for Mexican Independence. All their manifestoes breathed nought but a reverential allegiance to King and Pope. But the church of Guadalupe, with the temporalites of the Viceroy, had become restive under the exclusion of natives from *place* and *distinction* in church and State; and distrustful of the swarms of Italian and Spanish functionaries settling like drones on the hives of production, they cheerfully extended homage, but demanded the justice of equal participation in the profits of subordinate place and spoil. This initiatory, however, was an indication that the light of reform was beginning to shed its dim vision on benighted Mexico, to the *cloister*, as well as the *prison-house*. These two Priests moved forward with accelerated velocity, in subduing and expelling Spanish influence and absorption. The assembled hordes of devotees which gathered at their summons, as to a feast or a mass, swept every interior garrison of Spaniards from their posts. Priests were in command of every division of the Revolutionary Army. At this crisis, "the gallant young Mina," who begun the insurrection in the province of Navarre, on the French invasions of Spain, sweeping like a tempest from the mountain tops, the insulted province of his nativity and allegiance, to the very gates of Pampeluna, in the vicissitudes and treacheries of civil war, had, in his turn, to yield to the overwhelming military deluge of a modern Gengiscan. Flying before the tornado of French propagandism, but not subdued or dismayed, the young enthusiast sought the rescue of Mexico, before the storm that had exploded on ancient Cas-

tile should reach the shores of Aztec. Received with open arms by those whom he went to deliver, he swept like a torrent through the plains of Northern Mexico, and from the heights of San Luis de Potosi, demonstrated on the capital of deliverance. In the exultation, however, and enthusiasm of successes, unveiling in his manifestoes the cause for civil and religious toleration in which he had so zealously engaged, he paralyzed the arm of the church, and was trailed by a betraying jealous priesthood, (Padre Torres, in the lead) to the immolation of himself and inspired followers. This sowing of the seeds of religious and civil liberty in a soil preparing to receive it, soon reared up young plants of various production. It was the Syren chant of these refreshing and new ideas, engravened on the trunk of National Independence, the vision of a new creation that inspired Victoria, Santa Anna, Alvarez, and a host of young untutored democracy, into a revolution, that threatened to convulse unprepared Mexico, with the anarchy of the Red Republicanism of illumined France. At this alarming crisis, Iturbide, a native of Mexico, but an officer of distinction in the Spanish service, was invoked to throw himself at the head of the Revolution; to arrest the threatening political hurricane, and direct it on the center calm of *National Independence*; in the three *guarantees of church, army, and native population* as the controlling elements of power in a Constitutional Empire.

This work of reconciliation was soon consummated, (Ferdinand obstinately refusing to pass his legitimate claim to the crown of Mexico, as an inheritance to a younger branch of his family,) in the coronation and triumphal march of Iturbide, at the head of "the army

of the three guarantees," on the 27th September, 1821-22, into the capital as Emperor. The period was brief, however, before the seeds of civil and constitutional liberty began to regerminate in the well-furrowed soil of Mexico. The plowings, though imperfect, had stirred on the surface the natural elements of conflicting vegetations and growth. The Empire of Iturbide soon crumbled before a Constitutional Federation; an attempted imitation of the model, "in the Patent Office of a neighbouring Republic." The Cedars of Lebanon were smothered in the chapparel "tares of the field"—covering the land. The church of Guadalupe, however, had to be recognized in all the *potentiality of a unit* (Protestantism excluded) before that political institute could be received, ratified, and organized under, by the constituent assembly, "the Conscript Fathers" of a new Republic. Victoria, who had been most prominent in the early animations of liberty in Mexico, but who, after the triumph of the Empire, had, like a wounded lion, been hunted by vindictive pursuers in the recesses of the mountains, where he had taken refuge, was withdrawn from his seclusion, and proclaimed first President of this new-born Commonwealth.—Rude and uneducated, he was a model in the *instincts for, and zealous in pursuit of liberty and equality*, that would not have suffered in the comparison with the more tutored and equally ardent patriots that struck for its initiation in the Anglo American Federation. Ignorant of the workings of the instrument placed in his charge in this first advance of the liberal party to a participation in the powers of government, the manufactures not comprehending its elements, or penetrating its imperfections; it was not extraordinary that this admis-

sion of Church and State into equality in the Constitution, should have hung up "the inheritance of freedom" to Mexico, in an ecclesiastical Court of Chancery for the last thirty years; while the issues for decrees alternate between conflicting *plans*, and temporary *commissions*, in the occupation and the enjoyment. The conflicts between the central and distributing powers, under our system, where liberalism is supposed to be most potent, centralism has alternated in the government four times against seven, and in this enthusiastic and radical age of squatter sovereignty, the Black Republican heirs of Blue Light Federalism, foreshadow a *fifth triumph*. While penning this article, (without adverting to past dramas at elections and "regulations" in Baltimore, Boston, Kansas, Louisville, San Francisco, and in the very Capital that bears the name of Washington,) intelligence from New Orleans, Utah, and the furnace of discord, Kansas, sound the alarm bells of renewed and animated conflicts and riots between free-soil and pro-slavery, Mormonism and Know Nothings; and all the isms, which for the last thirty years have been the stimuli to disquiet, distrust, and sanguinary strifes in sections and neighbourhoods; while similar scenes (but more farcical than serious) in Mexico, have so excited the reprehensions of political sympathizers, as to be considered the invitation to national democracy, for the guardianship of a protectorate.

The last triumph of the liberal and constitutional party under the plan of Ayutla, Alvarez in the lead, accomplished the greatest advance to an ultimatum in civil and religious toleration in the *separation of Church from State*. But too much zeal among the enthusiasts for liberty, had made them mad in a war against the most potential influence

of Guadalupe. The charm of the temper to the betrayers of the faith—Comonfort proved the Judas; and the triple alliance of France, England and Spain, turned up the trump in this successful game. Comonfort betrayed the cause he had enlisted in, and his fidelity to Alvarez; while Zoulouaga, his subsidized bayonet, but the *secret agent of European diplomacy*, and Lieutenant of Santa Anna, in his turn, betrayed Comonfort. The Foreign Diplomats on the expulsion of the constituent assembly of the Republic, with the functionaries of government, exultingly recognized Zoulouaga as the locum tenens of *absolutism* in the center, until Santa Anna can arrive to claim a reinheritance. That the United States should have, in the precipitate recognition of Zoulouaga, and before a single State of the Republic had acquiesced in the usurpation, thus joined in the conspiracy against the Constitutional Government, and in *contravention of our long determined policy of non-intervention*, is a mystery in its diplomacy that has not yet been explained. It has by this act, however, co-operated with Europe in suspending the progress of liberal government in Mexico; and in an advance to the recolonization of the land of Aztec, in a *restored Viceroy*, or in a *legitimate monarch* from the ancient *House of Castile*. Christiana has a second daughter; and a young aspiring shoot from the trunk of Napoleon, may seek to be engrafted on a Ferdinand bud, that is to restore an ancient dynasty to one of its Viceroyalties in America. That France still meditates the overshadowing of Mexico under the wings of the French eagle—and has more recently turned its searching and ambitious eyes on the inviting game in Central America, needs no diplomacy

to penetrate. That the Constitutional Government in Mexico has not yet surrendered; that it still remains embodied, and may soon recover its capital, is more probable than that Santa Anna will venture to reclaim it with the powerful and animated opposition to his return. If he is restored to power, or to an *absolute agency* for the higher objects and triumphs of *legitimate despotism*, it will be accomplished by the combined bayonets of France, England and Spain, to preserve Cuba to the latter, and to stay the further "aggressions" of the United States on Mexico, or other of the South American Republics.—The suppression of the slave trade; the search and visitation of vessels to detect the criminality, may be the beacon-lights to a more general conflagration in the Gulf of Mexico—the American Black Sea—to preserve its *Sevastopol* and *Crimea* from a Russian grasp. The sympathies of the United States towards Mexico should be in the spirit of the Monroe manifesto, which declared, thirty years ago, that "our government could not look with indifference on attempts from Europe to recolonize in America." The version of National Democracy, that this was designed as a guarantee of a reservation of the spoil at the proper time, for a neighbour's cupidity, partakes more of the delusion of the politician, than the philosophy of the Virginia Statesman. More enlarged was this political dogma of the Virginia school—Mr. Monroe's manifesto was a *re-affirmation* of "*non-intervention*"—with the internal affairs of nations and States.

The great conservative element of *republicanism* and *equality* in our Federation; in its application to separate nationalities, it was the declaration of the United States,

that while she would sacredly observe it in all her relations with other powers, she could not be indifferent to its infractions by foreign commonwealths towards those under a *system of self-government* of their own in the Americas.—Whether the occasion has not arrived which demands the application in Mexico, deserves the serious consideration of this government. It is a dangerous dogma, however, to declare in this Federation, that has its own domestic tribulations to quiet; that “the disruptions and degradations” in a neighbouring and unsettled community become an obligation to cast the shield of conquest, or a *forced protectorate* over her infirmities. “If statesmanship” should be invoked to determine “the manner of this accomplishment,” the mode and measure of relief to a suffering and abused State, the response would be, “*leave Mexico alone*,” and enforce these relations on the other foreign disturbers of her domestic tranquillities. They have been stimulated more by outside interference, than fire hearth feuds—and the United States has had her full share in the instigation. Mexico is best acquainted with the apples of discord and disorder in her system. What are the antagonizing interests and discordant elements in her political society to be reconciled? In these she is much less a unit; her civil breaches are wider, and more difficult to repair than those which disturbed the United States when she cast off British dependence, and claimed a self-government of their own. In her weaknesses, however, she had to invoke the succor of a powerful ally; and LaFayettes, Stubens, Pulaskies and Kosciuskos rallied to the sacred cause to which its earlier cis-Atlantic votaries had pledged “*life, honor and fortune*.”

But British liberty, civil and religious toleration had, in the American colonies, been near two centuries on the calm journey of reform, to the goal of deliverance and triumph. Not so with still bleeding Mexico. It is scarce thirty years since tempted to eat of the forbidden fruit; inspiring in the knowledge “of good and evil;” expelled from her Eden where ignorance was contentment, she is still progressive in her near forty years’ journeyings through a wilderness of ideas; and though faction and dissension agitate in her camp at Pisgath, the promise is still in sight if her propagandist neighbour does not obscure and eclipse it. Though onward—the cross and by-paths to advancement are rugged; blocked up by superstition, and a long subduing despotism; and choked with a barbarism of a semi-civilized and christianized caste, constituting full five-sixths of the entire population of the Republic. To remove this difficulty to the advancement and reform of a deluded land, populated by two distinct castes, *Topaz* and *Ebony*—the inferior greatly outnumbering the superior—is full of intricacies, involving grave speculations on the influences this history must exercise on the destinies of Mexico. We have incurred responsibilities enough at home to quiet, on the exciting disagreements of castes, not to charter Don Quixotes to more than double them in sympathies for an equally distracted neighbour. In the sympathy and magnanimity of kindred neighbourhood, let the United States leave Mexico to work out the problem of her own regeneration, and in her own way. If she is more familiar with the *bayonet* than the *ballot-box*, it is that she can trust the first and not the last; or that, as in the United States, the *bayonet* has been

found necessary to *protect* the *bal-* neighbour in its political tribula-
lot. Leave Mexico to herself, and tions.
 spare to the generous and enlight-
 ened people of the United States,
 the reproof in the invocation of a

"Thy spirit Independence, let me share ;
 Lord of the Lion heart, and Eagle eye,
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare."

FLOWERS FROM A GRAVE.

These flowers are withered lady ! like the hopes
 We buried in the grave from which they sprung ;
 Yet are the tokens precious ; they have voices
 And sad, sad memories of the broken Past ;
 Oh ! I could steep them in my bitter tears,
 But that the channels of my grief are closed,
 And dryer than their petals ; those whose hearts
 Have wept blood, seldom find their eyelids moist
 With dew of softer sorrow : from her grave
 You plucked these blooms in the soft summer dawn ;
Her grave whose mould lies heavier on our souls,
Than e'er on her sweet body ; God in Heaven
 Reward you for the pure, impulsive pity
 To which I owe these treasures ; they are dear
 To memory as to passion, and though dead,
 Are greener than the sapless barren life
 Of Him who wears them henceforth next his heart !

DIONEA MUSCIPULA.

Would you learn,
 A fruitful lesson which shall keep your feet
 From frequent danger—study then yon plant,
 The *Dionea Muscipula*—that vegetable,
 Most animated, most intelligent,
 With faculty carnivorous, whose instincts still
 Are others' snares.

ALLAN HERBERT.—A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SCENE I.

[*The Hall of a country house in Westmoreland, surrounded with portraits of the M**** family. Allan Herbert and Jocelyn, an old domestic, are seen standing before the likeness of a lady, young and wonderfully fair.*]

HERBERT.—
The canvass speaks!

JOCELYN.—
Aye! sir, 'tis very like,
Was she not beautiful?

HERBERT.—
Was! yes, and is;
She had not lost one bloom when late I
saw her!

JOCELYN.—
Sir! she is dead!

HERBERT.—
Aye! so they say, old man;
And yet I see her nightly—in my dreams,
I tell you that her cheek is round and
fair

As summer's fullness: that her eyes are
lustrous!

And she—a perfect presence clasped in
light!

Thus will she look on resurrection morn-
ing.

JOCELYN, (*aside*).—
Alas! poor gentleman! how many loved
her,

And loved her vainly! pardon, sir, your
name?

HERBERT.—
My name is Allan Herbert.

JOCELYN.—
Herbert! Herbert!
Where have I heard that dainty name
before? (*musings*.)

Oh! now I have it! my young mistress,
sir—

She who is dead—was wont to read a
book—

A delicate gold-edged volume that I'm
sure

Bore some such name within it; she
would sit

Beneath yon grape-vine trellis towards
the South,

(This window, sir, commands it,) and
for hours,

Nay, days, bend o'er her favorite pages;
once

She left the book behind her, and I saw
its leaves were drenched with tears—

HERBERT.—
Where is it now?

That book your mistress loved? let me
behold it!

JOCELYN.—
In sooth, sir, I have never seen it since;
Or—if I have (*hesitating*) it lies beyond
our reach.

HERBERT.—
What meanest thou?

JOCELYN.—
I mean that while she lay
Decked for her burial, whilst I stood be-
side her,

Looking my last upon her tranquil fea-
tures,

The robe of death was fluttered by the
wind,

—A low sad wailing wind that swept
aside

The drapery for a moment; and I marked
The glimmer of the gold-edged pages

placed
Right on her bosom;—master! you are

pale,
You tremble! I have rudely touched the
spring

Of some deep-seated sorrow.

HERBERT.—
Yes! old man,

A sorrow most unlike to common griefs,
That pass like clouds or shadows; mine

is mingled
With the dark hues of treachery and

remorse,
A rayless blank eclipse through which I
wander

Accursed and hopeless: sometimes in a
vision

Comes the sweet face of her I foully
wronged

And stabs me with a smile.

JOCELYN.—
Did'st wrong her, sir,

Did'st wrong my lady?

HERBERT.—
Lead me to the grave,
I know 'tis near at hand.

JOCELYN.—
The grave! what grave!

Moreover if you wronged her—

HERBERT.—
If I wronged her!

Why dost thou taunt me with it? thou
on earth,

With Mercy still beside thee! I, in hell?

JOCELYN.—
Madman!

HERBERT.—
I am not mad, my friend! but only
wretched;

Once more I pray thee, show me where
she sleeps.

JOCELYN.—
I must obey him; this way, follow me!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

[Enter Jocelyn.]

[A forest—Deep in the shade a single monument appears covered with wild flowers and roses.]

HERBERT.—Alone.—

'Tis fit she should be buried in this place,
So fragrant and so peaceful! Oh! my love!

Thou hast grown dull of hearing; I may call,
Till the lone echoes shiver with thy name,

Thou wilt not heed me; dust! dust! dust indeed!

And thou—more glorious than the morning star,
More tender than the love-light of the eve;

They tell me thou shalt rise again, Christ's bride,
Not mine—most beautiful, yet *changed*;
Perchance I shall not know thee, or perchance

The human love which made thine eyes like Heaven,

—My Heaven of hope and worship—shall be lost

In some diviner splendor! all is hushed!
No smallest whisper trembles gently up

From the deep grave to soothe me; 'tis in vain

I agonize in thought; eternal Nature,
She whom I once called "mother," wears an aspect

Callous and pitiless; I fain would solve
This terrible mystery that weighs down my soul

With night-mare fancies;—let me die in peace,

O! God! and if I may not see her more

Through all the long eternities, nor hear

Her voice of pitying pardon, let me rest

Next to some stream of Lethe, and repose

In everlasting slumber!

JOCELYN.—
Come! let us hence! the darkness creeps upon us;

See, sir, there's not a spark of sunset left

In all the fading West.

HERBERT.—
Well! what of that?
I live in darkness; the light burns my spirit,

It mocks and tortures me; begone, I say,
And leave me to the dismal shade thou fearest.

JOCELYN.—
Good, sir! be counselled! stay not in the wood!

Your eye is troubled, and your visage weary;

'Tis a rash venture.

HERBERT.—
Sooth to say, I thank thee;
Thou could'st not serve long in the household bless'd

By her most merciful presence, and not catch

Some tenderness of temper; take my thanks;

Yet will I stay in this same dreary wood,
And watch until the night is overpast.

JOCELYN.—
Thou'lt find it lonely.

HERBERT.—
Oh! I have my thoughts,
A stirring company that never slumber.

JOCELYN.—
Why, worse and worse! I've heard such restless thoughts

Engender a sore sickness!

HERBERT.—
Of the mind;

Yet is my case already desperate,
Past healing and past comfort; go thy way

Thou kind old man! thou can'st not shake my purpose;

But when the last star wanes before the Dawn,

Come back; my night will then be overpast,

And my watch ended; till that hour—farewell!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We have a few words to say to those in the South, who have the gift of authorship—but who fail to exercise it, simply because it is not their profession. There are among us not a few of this class, and we would fain reach them, with some incitements to literary effort. The professional author writes for his profit—perchance for his bread—and this is, of course, a sufficient inducement for him to write freely. But professional writers in our regions are indeed *rare aves*, and in the infancy of our literary achievements, or rather efforts, we have to depend on amateur authors. To bring such to zealous coöperation seems to be a difficult—almost impossible—task.—They shrink from the labour of literary composition—because they have not exercised their powers sufficiently to have acquired confidence in them. They are apprehensive that they shall not reach a certain standard which they have set up, and not being compelled to write, or starve, they readily persuade themselves into continued neglect of the trial. This, we are well persuaded, is the case with scores of our personal acquaintances, who are really capable of writing well and wisely. To them, therefore, we would offer one or two considerations, with the view of breaking the spell that is upon them—and of disturbing the slumbers of their Genius.

Where literature, we mean domestic literature, is so little estimated that professional authorship is unprofitable, it behooves those to whom high intellectual gifts have been entrusted, to make use of them for the development of a higher and purer taste, and for the establishment of a respectable organ, through which the separate rays of genius that emanate from the hidden mind among us, may be concentrated into beams of intellectual light and power—that shall be but the dawn of a long and auspicious day.

The exercise of the gift of authorship is, moreover, eminently productive of self-gratification. It is a toil which abundantly repays the labourer—by the increased consciousness it affords him of his own strength—by the incentive it furnishes to extended study and effort—

and by the actual good it confers upon society by arousing the latent fires of genius in others.

We call, then, upon those in the South, to whom it is given to write vigorously and suggestively to hide no longer their light “under a bushel”—but to aid us in our efforts to develop an intellectual taste among our people. We have urged but two considerations of the many which suggest themselves, but *one* good reason should suffice for the thinking man—and we leave them with the unprofessional writers of the South, hoping that they will not have been urged in vain.

The following capital letter appears under the head of “COMMUNICATIONS,” in one of the numbers of an ancient and forgotten literary weekly in our possession:

Messrs. Editors:—I am the unfortunate victim of almost unparalleled misuse and abuse, daily experienced at the hands of the public. I am one of three brothers, known to the world as Positive, Comparative and Superlative. I know not for what reason, but to me was assigned the highest rank in the brotherhood, and while the others were appointed to do service at all times in speech, it was ordained that I should be used in special and extraordinary cases alone. I should perform such service with alacrity and delight. I have never shrunk from any legitimate duty, and am, indeed, proud to be employed upon all proper occasions. What I complain of is, that I am made to do incessant and unreasonable labour—that I am treated with no more dignity than my younger brothers, Positive and Comparative, and that I am, moreover, compelled, in nine cases out of ten, to do their proper work. Most especially, sir, am I wronged by that powerful estate to which you belong—I mean the press. Editors seem to take the most intense delight in dragging me into service at all times, and in torturing my sensibilities, by connecting me with objects which I loathe and detest. They attach me to everything they have occasion to mention. They exhaust my

almost Protean variety without regard to circumstances. Those shapes which I most delight to assume—such as grandest, sublimest, rarest, loveliest, handsomest, sweetest, loftiest, and others kindred to these, are applied lavishly and indifferently to the most insignificant and worthless objects. For example, they tell their readers that "the Fourth of July at Bungtown, was closed with the *grandest* display of fire-works ever seen upon this continent"—said display consisting of twelve four ounce rockets, six three-light Roman candles, four Catharine wheels, and Chinese crackers, *ad libitum*. If they describe a waterfall, (a mill-dam perhaps,) it is "one of the *sublimest* of Nature's handiworks;" the song of Miss Polly Snooks, at the Academy Exhibition in Greentown, "was fraught with the *divinest* melody;" the speech of Mr. Thicktongue, at the anniversary of Washington's birth-day, in Hard Scrabble, "was full of the *loftiest* flights of thought." Oh, sir, I am sick of contact with unworthy things—things that would disgrace the name of even my youngest brother Positive. Is there no hope for me? Can I not secure redress for my grievances? I shall try reason—expostulation—entreaty; and should they fail, Mr. Editor, to effect my rescue from the degradation and shame to which I am subjected, I shall resort to invective sir, and shall hurl at them the *keenest* of my shafts, dipped in the *bitterest* gall I can extract from the *deepest* fountains of my hate. I will denounce them as the hardest of task-masters, the vilest of oppressors, the grandest of rogues, the greatest of liars, and the meanest of men! Let them be warned in time, and avoid doing further injustice to your humble servant,

THE SUPERLATIVE DEGREE.

A correspondent of the *Historical Magazine*, furnishes the following poem to that periodical, accompanied by these remarks:

"It may be a matter of interest to note in your columns the production of the following poem which was contributed to an early number of the *Literary World*, (April 10, 1847,) by the late Henry William Herbert, whose recent suicide has so painfully interested the public. By request of the author the poem was printed anonymously. Its testimony to the sensibility of a man who, whatever his offences may have been, deserves an honorable memorial for his extensive labors in letters and his scholarship, may be accepted as proof of the better nature indispensable to all sound literary achievement. The theme of the verses has but too mournful a comment:

MY HOME.

A home! a home! yes! yes! though still
and small,
I have a home! where soft the shadows
fall
From the dim pine tree, and the river's
sigh,
Like voices of the dead, wails ever nigh;
Nor hearth is there, nor hall, nor festive
place,
Nor welcome smile of that bewitching
face,
Nor the low laughter, nor the sweet,
fond tone,
That made pain pleasant—yet it is my
own—
My heart's own home, where'er my foot
may tread,
Oh! for my narrow house and lowly
bed!

Let others turn, when each has ceased
to roam,
To the calm pleasures of his childish
home—
Let others turn, when day's hot toil is
o'er,
To that pure kiss which greets them at
the door;
To that bright eye which kindles at the
sound
Of their known footstep, shedding glory
round:
I have nor childish home, nor earthly
hold—
The kiss that breathed upon my lips is
cold;
The eye that beamed for me is dimmed
and dead—
Oh! for my narrow house and lowly
bed!

Earth has no home that can with mine
compare,
For thou, my own lost one, for thou art
there.
It matters not that they are sealed in
death,
Those founts of light, and still the balmy
breath,
And wan the radiant lip and lustrous
brow—
It matters not—for it is always thou!
It matters not, how cold, if I at last,
On that true heart of thine, when all is
past,
May pillow once again my lonely head—
Oh! for my narrow house and lowly
bed!

Oh, weary-waste and weary is the day,
And weary is the night—oh! wellaway!
For anguish wakens with the rising
morn,
And sleepless sorrow of the night is
born!
And years must pass, long years, ere I
shall run

To that dear spot which fools are fain
to shun.

The only home which now my soul doth
crave,

Thy home—the long, the last—thine
early grave.

Oh, that for me the bridal sheets were
spread

Now, in my narrow house and lonely
bed!

* * * Some two or three years ago, a mysterious stranger, honoured by some imaginative person with the *sobriquet* of the *Wandering Jew*, was in the habit of frequenting Charleston and its vicinity, dressed, (even during the summer solstice) in tattered woolen garments, and bearing an old carbine in his hand. The following curious article, descriptive of his appearance and mode of life, we take from the "Literary Gazette," a weekly journal formerly edited in this city, by Wm. C. Richards, Esq.

"Riding on the outskirts of the city, some evenings since, we were startled in the vicinity of Peyton's Bridge, by a voice proceeding from the bushes, in the most earnest tones of supplication. So unusual a circumstance naturally arrested our attention. We stopped to listen. The prayer grew wilder and louder, until after the lapse of a few moments, an uncouth figure leaped into the road, and looking round an instant, as if in deadly terror, hurried forward towards us. Without, however, regarding our proximity in the least, the strange apparition rushed past, and after proceeding some distance, fell down on the knees before a mile-stone, which appeared to possess for it a peculiar power and influence. Upon approaching the spot, we recognized the actor in this singular scene as an unfortunate individual, known in the city by the *sobriquet* of "The Wandering Jew." He is evidently a foreigner, (though of what country, we know not,) and quite as evidently—insane. Upon his back he carries a rude knapsack, and a species of carbine is hung habitually across his arm. His face is scarred and weather beaten, and his garments the year round, consist of coarse heavy woollen, enough in the summer solstice to weigh down the strength of a giant. He lives in a cave somewhere in the vicinity of the Meeting street road. It is nothing more than a rude hole dug in the ground, with no covering but the leaves of pine trees, which, of course, constitute a very poor protection against the elements. He is much of a vagabond, but can scarcely be called a beggar. Once or twice we

have offered him money. He refused it quietly, and seemed to be perfectly contented with his condition. This man is a study. Whence came he, what his birth, his fortune, and his character? From certain words we have heard him mutter, and a demi-military air, which is apparent through all his squalidness, we have concluded that he was once a soldier. Did he fight on the side of tyranny, or were reason, and friends, and home, and country, sacrificed together in the patriot's cause—the struggle for freedom of mind, or freedom of privilege, so frequently defeated at the first, and crushed into submission for a season? Or was he once an officer of banditti?—a man of blood, who upheld the wisdom of the ancient maxim—

"That they should take who have the
power,
And they should keep who can?"

"We confess that this latter supposition seems to us not unlikely. "The Wandering Jew" exhibits occasionally a savageness of temper, approximating to ferocity, which might have well become one of that dangerous brotherhood, who frequent lonely defiles, dark passes, and solitary woods—"minions of the moon," whose custom it is to waylay the unsuspecting traveler, and with a grip on his throat, and a dagger glimmering between his eyes, to demand, in a hoarse guttural, "your money, or your life!"

"An instance of this ferocity came to our notice thus:—The hero of this paragraph, while entering the city with his usual quiet mien, and thread-bare garb, was beset, upon one occasion, by a party of mischievous urchins, who followed on his track with jeers and laughter, and encouraged by his stoical unconcern, took to pelting him with sand and pebbles. One of these missiles struck him upon the head. No sooner had he felt the blow, than he leaped with a sort of yell into a neighbouring shop, and in a moment after, came out with his carbine cocked. His persecutors scattered in every direction, but selecting the crowd that appeared largest, the insulted old Trojan leveled his piece and—fired. Fortunately, the shot was small, and the boys were not large, so that no damage accrued. It was not the fault of the marksman, however, that the matter ended thus. He was indubitably in earnest. So his assailants seemed to think, for "*Le Juif Errant*" has been suffered ever since to pursue his way unmolested, evidently somewhat feared, and not a little respected by the juvenile community. There is one other characteristic of our hero, which we will mention. He has no respect whatever

for the law, and here again our last hypothesis as to his former pursuits, receives confirmation. Policemen armed with the dignity, and dressed in the garments of the profession, have essayed to arrest him as a vagrant. But, for once, these gentry have found themselves successfully resisted. The victim of their attention, when convinced that the officers of justice are nearing him with evil designs, proceeds hastily to a lamp post, clings firmly around it with arms and legs, and the united force of *three* limbs of the law, has been found unavailing to dislodge him. The difficulty of his arrest, therefore, being coupled with his generally inoffensive demeanor, this strange wanderer is now permitted to walk our streets in peace. None disturb his avocations, all wonder who he is or *was*, but there is little likelihood that curiosity will ever be gratified concerning him. He came amongst us unknown, and so will he depart. His body will probably be discovered some cold morning in winter, lying dead within his wild den in the forest."

ON A REDBREAST COMING INTO MY COTTAGE, DECEMBER, 1810.

By James Forest, an obscure Scottish weaver.

Thou'rt welcome, Robin, to my dwellin',
Sae dinna keek behint the hallan,
Step briskly ben, my canty callan,
Thout fear or dread,
The noisy weans, sae loudly bawlin',
Ye needna heed.

Troth, lad, the day is e'en right gurl.
The snaw blows thick wi' choakin' swurl,
The shapeless wreaths, high-tow'ring
curl,

While through the cluds
Bleak Boreas, gowlin, starves the warl'
Wi' spitefu' thuds.

Right sair I mourn thy mates now roamin',
Wi' hungry wames, o'er nature's common,
Wha maun cour in some hole at gloamin'

Beneath the drift,
While loud the ruthless tempest's moanin'

The lang dark night.

I'm sorry, Bob, that reasonin' man
Should mar kind nature's social plan.
Wha boasts his powers her works to scan

And wondrous laws,
From the long chain's remotest span
To the First Cause.

Then dinna doubt me, tune fu' brither,
The feckless aye are fond o' ither;
Sae dinna hap, an' hitch, an' swither,
An' glowr about,
Ye'll here be safe till better weather
Shall shine without.

The effect produced upon the human mind by terror, from the appearance of sudden and unexpected danger, is very extraordinary. Some it deprives of all self command; by it, others are dissolved in a flood of tears; but in what manner soever we may be affected, yet it is certain that every person is liable to be so, to a greater or less degree.

When great crowds happen to assemble in churches, theatres, &c., the multitude seem to be prepared to catch any infection which chance may offer; and often the more frivolous and absurd the cause happens to be, serious consequences the more readily follow. On such occasions, however, very ludicrous incidents sometimes occur. The following is an account, given by Fox in his Ecclesiastical History, of an event of this kind which took place at Oxford. Fox flourished in Queen Elizabeth's time, and it is related in his own words:

"In the year 1541, there was one Mr Malary, Master of Arts in Cambridge, who, for certain opinions, was convened before the Bishops, and then sent to Oxford, openly to recant, and carry a faggot, to the terror of the students of this university. On a Sunday, he was brought into the church, many doctors, divines, and citizens being present. Dr Smith preached the recantation sermon, and Mr. Malary stood before him with his faggot. About the midst of the sermon, there was, of a sudden, heard in the church the voice of one crying *Fire!* in the streets, occasioned by a person who saw a chimney on fire in Allhallow's parish, and so, passing by the church, cried *Fire*, thinking no hurt. This sound of fire being heard in the church, went from one to another, till at length the doctors and preacher heard it themselves, who, amazed with sudden fear, began to look up to the top and walls of the church, which others seeing, looked up also; upon which, some began, in the midst of the crowd, to cry out, *Fire! Fire!* 'Where?' says one and another. 'In the church,' says one. The word *church* was scarce pronounced, when, in a moment, there was a great cry, '*The church is on fire, the church is set on fire!*' This inexpressible horror and confusion raised the dust like a smoke, which, with the outcries of the people, made them all so afraid, that, leaving the sermon, they began to run

away; but so great was the press of the multitude crowding together, that the more they laboured, the harder it was to get out; for they stuck so fast in the door, that there was no moving forward nor backward. They ran to another little wicket on the north side, from thence to a door on the west; but there was so great a throng, that, with the force thereof, a great bar of iron, which is almost incredible, was pulled out and broken by the strength of men's hands, and yet could not the door be opened for the vast concourse of people. At last, despairing of getting out, they in great amazement ran up and down, crying out, that '*the devil had conspired their death.*' One said he plainly heard the fire; another affirmed he saw it; and a third swore he felt the melted lead dropping on his head and shoulders. None made more noise than the Doctor that preached, who first of all cried out in the pulpit, '*These are the subtleties of the devil against me—Lord have mercy upon me,*' &c. In all this consternation nothing was more feared than the melting of the lead, which many affirmed they felt dropping upon their bodies. The Doctors, finding authority and force could not prevail, fell to entreaties, one offering twenty pound, another his scarlet gown, so that any man would pull him out, though it were by the ears. A president of a college, pulling a board out from the pews, covered his head and shoulders therewith against the scalding lead, which they feared much more than the falling of the church. One thought to get out of a window, and had broken the glass, and got his head and one shoulder out, but then stuck fast between the iron bars, that he could move neither way; others stuck as fast in the doors, over the heads of whom some got out. A boy had climbed up on the top of the church door, and seeing an aged Doctor, who had got over men's heads, coming towards him, with a wide cowl hanging at his back, he thought it a good opportunity to make his escape, and prettily conveyed himself into the Doctor's cowl. He got out with the boy in his cowl, and, for a while, felt no weight; but at last, feeling his cowl heavier than ordinary, and hearing a voice behind him, he was more afraid than while in the throng, believing that the evil spirit which had fired the church had flown into his cowl; whereupon he began to exorcise. '*In the name of God, I command thee to declare what thou art behind my back.*' '*I am Bertram's boy,*' said the other. '*But I,*' said the Doctor, '*adjure thee, in the name of the inseparable Trinity, that thou, wicked spirit, do tell me who thou art, and from whence thou comest, and that thou go hence.*' '*I am Bertram's boy,*' said

he; '*and I pray, good master, let me go.*' When the Doctor perceived the matter, he took the boy out, who ran away as fast as he could. In the meantime, those without the church, seeing all things safe, made signs to them within to be quiet; but the noise being so great that no word could be heard, these signs increased their fear, supposing all the church without to be on fire, and that they were bid to tarry within, and not to venture out, because of the dropping of the lead, and the fall of other things. This hurry lasted many hours, but at length the mistake was discovered. The next day and week following, there was an incredible number of bills set upon the church doors, to inquire for all manner of things then lost, there being but few in this garboyle (tumult,) who, either through negligence lost, or through oblivion left not something behind."

* * In a back number of the "Gentleman's Magazine," there is an interesting article upon "Peter Abelard," from which we extract the following. From this account the Lovers, whom Pope has immortalized, seem to have had as little rest after death, as by their unfortunate passion they were enabled to enjoy in life.

"On a dark night of the November following the April in which Abelard died, Peter the Venerable, in order to gratify Heloise, stole the remains of her lover, and had them conveyed to the Paraclete, where during twenty-one years the loving woman visited them daily. She survived till 1163, when she died with the calmness of a saint. She was mourned by her nuns as a lady superior deserved to be, who 'of human frailty construed mild.' She loved order so much that she would not, as she says in the last, and by far the warmest and boldest of her epistles to Abelard, allow her young ladies to be running riot at midnight. But when a little love affair was carried on with decency and discretion, she thought upon Abelard and smiled! The gratitude of the nuns of the house endured for a good six centuries, and in honour of her they performed a mass annually (on the anniversary of her death,) in the Greek language:

"In 1163, the body of Heloise was placed in the coffin which held what was mortal of her lover, whose arms, according to the legend, opened to receive her. When 334 years had passed, the silent lovers were again disunited, and, in 1497, placed in separate coffins and different graves. In 1779, they were reunited partially, being deposited side by side in a single coffin, divided by a

leaden compartment. On the dissolution of the monasteries in 1792, the inhabitants of Nogent transferred to their church the remains of the unhappy pair. A superb monument was erected over them, but in 1794, the iconoclasts of the Republic shattered it into fragments. Six years later, on the festival of St. George, 1800, the bodies were removed to Paris, and after a term of repose within the Musée des Monuments Français, they were finally carried to the cemetery of Père la Chaise. The open chapel which canopies the tomb within which they rest is formed from the ruins of the Paraclete, but the tomb itself, seven centuries old, is the original one raised by Peter the Venerable over the body of Abelard. A handful of dust and a few bones, are all that remain of those of whom we have here given the record and the chronicle—of THE SELFISH SCHOLAR AND THE UNSELFISH AND DEVOTED WOMAN."

We take the following Songs from Herrick's "Hesperides." His muse had "a look Southward," and if she was sometimes too warm and wanton, we must pardon a freedom so exquisitely natural, and defended by the charm of such sweet and tender music :

TO CARNATIONS.—A SONG.

I.

Stay while ye will, or goe,
And leave no scent behind ye;
Yet trust me—I shall know
The place where I may find ye!

II.

Within my Lucia's cheek
Whose livery ye wear,
Play ye at hide and seek,
I'm sure to find ye there.

And again :

MY POETRY, MY PILLAR.

Only a little more
I have to write,
Then I'll give o'er
And bid the world good night.

'Tis but a flying minute,
That I must stay,
Or linger in it,
And then I must away.

O! Time! that cut'st down all,
And scarce leav'st here
Memorial
Of any men that were.

How many lye forgot
In vaults beneath?

And piece-meale rot
Without a fame in death!

Behold the living stone
I reare for me
Ne'r to be thrown
Downe, envious Time by thee.

Pillars let some set up—
If so they please;
Here is my Hope,
And my Pyramides!

Brown relates the following in his "*Anecdotes of Quadrupeds*," a book not easily procurable. We beg to say that we by no means vouch for its truth :

"Toomar, the gamekeeper of Sir Henry P. St. John Mildmay, broke-in a black sow to find game, back, and stand to her point, nearly as steadily as a well-bred dog. This sow was a thin, long-legged animal, one of the ugliest of the New Forest breed. When young, it manifested a great partiality for some pointer puppies, then under the care of the keeper at Broomy lodge. It often played and fed with them. And it occurred one day to Toomar, that, as he had broken many an obstinate dog, he might also succeed in breaking a pig. The little animal willingly cantered along with him a considerable distance from home; he enticed her still farther by means of a kind of pudding, made of barley meal, which he carried in one of his pockets. His other pocket was filled with stones, to throw at the pig whenever she misbehaved, as she was too frolicsome to allow herself to be caught and corrected like dogs. She proved, however, upon the whole, to be tolerably tractable; and he soon taught her what he wished by this system of rewards and punishments. She quartered her ground as regularly as any pointer, and stood stock-still when she came upon game, and backed dogs with great steadiness. When she came on the cold scent of game, she slackened her trot, and gradually dropped her ears and tail till she was certain, and then fell down on her knees. So staunch was she, that she would frequently remain five minutes and upwards on her point. As soon as the game rose, she always returned to Toomar, grunting very loud for her reward of pudding, if it was not immediately given to her. When Toomar died, his widow sent the pig to Sir Henry Mildmay, who kept it for three years, but never used it, except for the purpose of occasionally amusing his friends. In doing this, a fowl was put into a cabbage pet, and hidden amongst the fern in some part of the park; and the

sagacious animal never failed to point it in the manner above described. Sir Henry was obliged at length to part with this sow, from a circumstance as singular as the other occurrences of her life:—A great number of lambs had been lost, nearly as soon as they were dropped, and a person being sent to watch the flock, detected this sow in the very act of devouring a lamb. This carnivorous propensity was ascribed to her having been accustomed to feed with the dogs, and to eat the flesh on which they fed. Sir Henry sent her back to Mrs. Toomar, who sold her to Mr. Skyes, of Brookwood, in the New Forest, where she died the usual death of a pig, and was converted into bacon.

The tone and spirit of Journalism in this country are not high. Instead of employing calm reasoning, which in the end never fails of its effect—too many of our Editors are in the habit of resorting to mere emphatic assertion, accompanied by vituperation. One would think that they had taken a degree for expertness in abusive language from the viragoes in Billingsgate.

The Editors of political papers are peculiarly obnoxious to this grave charge. There is something in the struggle for party success—especially in Republics—which seems to exert a baneful influence upon the mind. Men naturally amiable, cast aside reserve, decency and fairness, in their efforts to exalt a favorite candidate, whose rise, they fondly imagine, implies their own aggrandizement. Thus, we find the most important elections resolving themselves into *individual struggles* for place and power. The result is, materially to lower the public *morale*.

But if such be the consequence of *political* party strifes—improperly conducted—what shall we say of the temper often manifested by the RELIGIOUS press in controversial discussions? We state a fact, the demonstration of which, is unfortunately too patent, when we assert, that in many parts of the United States, the conductors of sectarian organs permit themselves, and their correspondents, a license of language and personal allusion, which they would both hesitate to employ were they amenable to the rules, or subject to the responsibility considered binding upon men of the world. There is a meanness about such conduct which it would be hard to stigmatize too harshly. What is it but the stealthy assault of the Bravo, who assuming a Priestly garb, strikes in the perfect confidence that his sacred robe will protect him? What, moreover, is the impression produced upon society at large? How often in view of the

abuse lavished by religious (!) journals upon each other, or upon a luckless outsider, guilty of heretical disrespect with regard to some darling doctrine in polemics, or, worse still! some clerical idol of the hour, have we heard men not given to illiberality sneeringly exclaim: "The individuals who condescend to such and such terms, may be *Christians*; they certainly are not—*gentlemen*!" The remark is irreverent if taken literally. We would understand it rather as implying what is assuredly true, that the parties are christians in profession only, and not in practice.

Nevertheless, the contempt they bring upon themselves, they inflict in a subsidiary way, upon *their faith* by the use of language which properly belongs to the hustings, and the display of the temper not of Christ but of Belial? We have no fear of being misunderstood, unless by the very parties who instinctively feel that our charge applies to their own mal-practices. To them, we would only say, you are at liberty to take offence if it so pleases you—and to give another practical exemplification of the truth of what we have been urging—only let the impartial reader observe we are not confounding these pseudo-religionists, these "Pharisees-hypocrites!" with the kindly and liberal minded disciples of Christ—(many of them distinguished in the editorial sanctum, no less than in the pulpit)—who honor their master by walking in his footsteps, and are truly the benefactors of their race.

Nor would we be understood as restricting religious discussion within the bounds of a cold, timid, faint-hearted formality, equally inefficient, and unworthy of the great themes which refer to God and the soul. Wrong and wrong-doers must be severely dealt with, error must be exposed, but surely this may be accomplished without the aid of such ungracious allies as personal detraction, harsh insinuations, spleen, and bitterness!

If the reader deems us presumptuous in having ventured on this topic at all, and in daring to give advice to those who, by their profession, are presumed to be above us, we must trespass so far upon his indulgence as to beg that he will believe we have excellent and sufficient reasons for what we have written—reasons, which it is possible we may clearly elaborate at some future time.

In conclusion, we would ask all those—politicians as well as sectarians—whose mental capital consists in a stock of small impertinences, granted them by nature in lieu of her nobler gifts, what they can hope to gain by the exhibition of such "griffenish excesses of zeal."

As for the latter, the bigots, who,

"Go like walking Lucifers about
Merely living bundles of combustion,"

we are never introduced to one of the class, without recalling the illustrative lines, with which Thomas Hood (who had an honest hatred of every sort of charlatanism,) favors us in his *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*. "To picture," he says, "the pride and harshness" of one of these persons,

"Fancy a peacock in a poultry-yard;
Behold him in conceited circles sail,
Strutting and dancing, and now planted stiff,

In all his pomp of pageantry, as if
He felt "the eyes of Europe" on his tail!
As for the humble breed retained by man,
He scorns the whole domestic clan—

He bows, he bristles,
He wheels, he sidles,

At last with stately dodgings in a corner
He pens a quiet russet hen to scorn her
Full in the blaze of his resplendent fan!
"Look here!" he cries, (to give him words.)

"Thou feathered clay—thou scum of birds!"

Flirting the rustling plumage in her eyes—

"Look here! thou vile predestined sinner,
Doomed to be roasted for a dinner,
Behold these lovely variegated dyes!
These are the rainbow colors of the skies
That Heaven has shed upon me con amore—

A bird of Paradise!—a pretty story!
I am that saintly Fowl, thou paltry chick!
Thou dingy, dirty, dabbled, draggled jill!"

Now if Partlet is timid and poor-spirited, she is sure to be kicked, as well as scorned, but if, on the contrary—as is sometimes the case even with Partlets—she has a "spice o' the Deil in her," and shows fight, we will probably observe her vaunting adversary lower his crest, draw in the flaming glories of his tail, and finally make an ignominious retreat amidst the screaming of the whole poultry-yard, by whose denizens he will thenceforth be treated with the contempt which a discomfited Bully so richly merits!

A very prosy gentleman was in the habit of way-laying *Douglas Jerrold* whenever he met him. Jerrold disliked to be held by the button-hole in a crowded thoroughfare. One day Prosy met his victim, and planting himself in the way, said:

"Well! Jerrold! what is going on to-day?"

Jerrold, (sharply darting past the inquirer,) "I am!"

"That Demosthenes" turned out very badly, "appears beyond dispute," (says Poe in his *Marginalia*.) "from a passage in '*Meker de vet. et rect. Pron. Ling. Græca*,' where we read, '*Nec illi (Demostheni) turpe videbatur, optimis relictis magistris, ad canesse conferre, ect., ect.*,' that is to say, Demosthenes was not ashamed to quit good society, and 'go to the dogs.'"

Milton in depicting the religious sentiment of Adam in Paradise says:

"A creature who not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endued

With sanctity of reason, might erect
His statue, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest self-knowing, and from thence

Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,

But grateful to acknowledge whence his good

Descends—thither with heart and voice,
and eyes

Directed in devotion to adore
And worship God supreme."

"Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven!" Does it not stir like a trumpet? And it *does* require a magnanimity—a courage of the soul—a courage due to the "sanctity of reason" to "correspond with Heaven," to walk "erect" in the presence of our God, but grateful to confess whence our good descends!"

Douglas Jerrold, writing in a philosophical mood, speaks of the world as a *cocoa nut*: there is the vulgar outside fibre to be made into door mats and ropes, the hard shell good for beer-cups; and the whole delicate kernel, the real worth, food for the Gods!

From the literary department of *The Richmond South*, which is admirably managed, we take the following interesting article:

"Shall I not take mine ease at mine inn?" asked Falstaff. As we think upon the praise implied in these few words, great oceans of sack rise before us, squadrons of tankards floating upon its amber tide, bearing a rich freight of "nimble, fiery and delectable shapes." In our fancy, we hear the deep-toned voice of the jolly old wine-bibber, and for once believe that he was honest in meaning what his words import. The eulogy, though brief, and by implication, is pithy and very full of meaning.

We repeat his words, and like some

muttered spell of enchantment, they bring up sounds of reckless merriment—fragmentary words of broad jests and roystering drinking songs. But there is another aspect to that peculiarly British institution, an Inn. If it brings up fancies of "mirth, fast and furious"—of "healths five fathoms deep," and the fierce eloquence of good round oaths, it also has associations of more sedate and pleasing character. Do we not recollect those famous verses which Shenstone wrote at Henley—those fine stanzas, full of eloquence, which set forth the charms of a tavern with indescribable grace?—What a contrast between the inn at Henley and the Mermaid tavern on Friday street in the great tumultuous world of London! The one full of serene comfort and "warmest welcome," the other, an elder house of entertainment, alive with memories of great "wit combats," peopled with images of the grand writers and thinkers, and men of fashion that met there in days when Shakspeare, and "rare Ben," and Sir Walter Raleigh, and a host of others, met thereat, to indulge in scholarly discourse, brave scintillations of wit and deep potations.

It was of those meetings that the Rev. Robert Herrick thought when he wrote those fine lines, previously quoted in these columns:

"Ah, Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at these lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun,
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad?
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic
wine."

It was of those meetings that Beaumont thought when he wrote to Jonson from his rural retirement:

.... "What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that
have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they
came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a
jest."

Did we care to multiply authorities, we might find a score of wits and poets who, in words of equal force, have proclaimed the blessings, comfort, freedom, ease, and what not, of an Inn. We have Shakspeare, and Herrick, and Beaumont, and Shenstone—let us add, lastly, Dr. Johnson—this man of much learning, has left us a saying upon this point. "A tavern chair," quoth the Doctor, is the "throne of human felicity."—

"There is no private house, in which people can enjoy themselves as well as at a capital tavern;" and he gives the following very sufficient reasons: "Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be; there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests, the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another's house, as if it were his own. Whereas, at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are..... No sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by men, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or Inn." In the quotation here given we find a very satisfactory account of the various reasons which have induced so many, and such high authorities to concur in sounding the praise of Inns. You may disport yourself after the boisterous fashion of "rare Ben" and bewilder the drawers as Prince Henry and Poins did the unlucky Francis, with his eternal answer of "anon, anon, sir," with perfect impunity—in short,

"Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an Inn."

This much praised English institution—praised from the days of Shakspeare down to the times of Mr. Weller, with whose name and achievements we are all familiar—this much praised institution, we lament to say, has flourished but poorly upon this side of the Atlantic. We have hotels—great houses of lofty altitude and wonderful capacity, where homeless people abide in forlorn splendor and monotonous elegance: but an Inn, alas! is rarely to be found either in town or country. There is one, of which we have heard, kept in the venerable town of Hampton, which approximates somewhat to Johnson's idea of a "capital tavern." We have heard a distinguished Englishman say that it came nearer an English Inn than any place he had seen in this country, but it stands almost alone; however, our purpose is rather to speak of York Town and the antique house of entertainment which has stood there, with its ample porch and tall, slim chimneys, for one hundred and thirty-seven years, offering accommodation during that period to man and beast.

In October, 1691, York Town, situate in one of the eight original shires of Virginia, was laid off into eighty-five half acre lots, estimated at the sum of eighteen shillings each.* On the South side of Main street, upon lot No. 25, stands the Swan Tavern. In following the history of this lot, No. 25, through dusty parchments, the man of dry-as-dust tastes will find that it was originally owned by one Charles Hansford, conveyed by him in 1706 to one Daniel Taylor, conveyed by him to one James Sclater, who again conveyed the said lot, No. 25, in 1716, to Benj. Clifton, from whose possession, in 1719, it passed into that of Thomas Nelson and Joseph Walker, merchants, who built thereon the quaint, old-fashioned edifice which is now standing on the lot aforementioned and described as No. 25. In 1722, on the 18th of March, it was opened as an Inn, under the name of the Swan Tavern.

Let us escape from these skeleton dates and musty deeds to take a breath of fresh air in the fields of fancy. Let us drop our stilted law phrases and dream a moment under the shadow of that ample porch, upon which the idle hands of many generations have left rude initials and grim attempts at carving. The great river, which gleams before us, was once dotted over with the hulls of large trading vessels, for York Town was a place of commercial importance, and many a bale of rich silk, many a piece of rare lace and stiff brocade passed through the hands of its merchants. In those days the gentlemen of the colony did not disdain the frivolities of velvet, and cunning needlework, and we can fancy a group of these gallants seated in the porch of the Swan, talking of the last news from England, or "home," as it was their custom to say.

In 1781 there was a sable barber, named Jack Hope, who plied his trade in the old Swan. Jack was a shrewd fellow, and something of a wit in his way, as we may gather from the story. In his shop the officers of the English garrison were accustomed to have their loyal faces operated on, and their aristocratic heads powdered. Jack was the great oracle upon all questions of news, and we may well ask if there ever was a

village barber who did not know more than any body else in all his vicinage? The ebony barber was an enthusiastic Whig, and availed himself of an opportunity afforded by the approach of Gen. Washington to indulge in a joke at the expense of no less a personage than Lord Cornwallis.

The Britons had made merry over Jack's patriotism and laughed at the miserable appearance of the Continental forces with such little mercy for the patriotic barber's feelings, that he fell upon the plan of retorting in one bold joke, at the expense of his Lordship, for the numerous witticisms made at his own.

With this provocation, Jack, upon one occasion when engaged in powdering the august head of Cornwallis, informed that astounded dignitary, in reply to the stereotyped question as to the morning's news, that General Washington had arrived on the previous night in Williamsburg.

His Lordship's confusion at this announcement amply repaid the inventive barber for the numerous mortifications which had been put upon him by the facetious English. What saved Jack from an acquaintance with the provost marshal, and a couple of athletic drummers to beat the tattoo upon his back, we are not informed.

This story we have from a venerable citizen of York, and we only regret that we cannot give it in his own spirited manner. Should it meet his eye, he will pardon the poverty of the diction in which we preserve this tradition.

Since 1722, the Swan Tavern has passed through many hands. It now belongs to Captain Robert Anderson, a gentleman who served with great gallantry and distinction in the last war.

Had we the space, we might insert other stories of this ancient Tavern, which still rears its substantial wall upon a spot rich in histories and traditions. The tourist who visits Eastern Virginia, should not fail to go through its venerable chambers. We lay aside our pen with the expression of regret, that Mr. Thackeray, when he drove General Braddock over from *Williamsburg to dine in Westmoreland*, did not halt the valiant Briton at the Swan Tavern for an hour's rest in the then populous and thriving village of York Town.

* York was established as a port of entry in 1691, (April.) Vide Henning's statutes at large, p. 697.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Specimens of Douglas Jerrold's Wit. Together with selections chiefly from his contributions to journals; intended to illustrate his opinions; arranged by his son Blanchard Jerrold. Ticknor & Fields: 1858.

This volume is introduced with a tasteful and feeling Preface, in which we are told that "the Editor has sought for material not only in his father's well-known and acknowledged works, but also among his early pages—now forgotten." The compilation is an admirable one. It exhibits Jerrold in every possible aspect, moral, as well as intellectual.

A specimen of brilliant wit, is succeeded by the terse embodiment of some profound piece of philosophy, or the expression, conveyed in terms deeply pathetic, of his sympathy with every phase of poverty and pain!

There are sayings as sharp as the point of a poisoned needle by the side of repartees, and *bon mots*, the delicate humor of which, will be utterly unappreciated by ordinary readers.

The following extracts fairly represent the general character of the work:

Gratis.—Gratis! it is the voice of Nature speaking from the fulness of her large heart. The word is written all over the blue heaven; the health-giving air whispers it about us; it rides the sunbeam (save when statesmen put a pane 'twixt us and it); the lark trills it high up in its skyeey dome; the little wayside flower breathes gratis from its pinky mouth; the bright brook murmurs it; it is written in the harvest moon. And yet how rarely do we seize the happiness, because, forsooth, it is a joy gratis!

A Doctor's Livery.—A very popular medical gentleman called on Jerrold one day. When the visitor was about to leave, Jerrold, looking from his library window, espied his friend's carriage,

attended by servants in flaming liveries.

Jerrold,—“What! doctor, I see your livery is measles turned up with scarlet fever.”

Bottom's Descendants.—The immortal weaver of Athens hath a host of descendants; they are scattered throughout every country of the world; their moral likeness to their sage ancestor becoming stronger in the land of luxury and wealth. They are a race marked and distinguished by the characteristics of their first parent—omnivorous selfishness and invulnerable self-complacency. They wear the ass's head, yet know it not; and, heedless of the devotion, leave the Titania fortune still to round their temples “with coronets of fresh and fragrant flowers.”

A Metaphysician.—He could take mind to pieces as easily as a watch-maker could take a chronometer to bits—knew every little spring of human actions, and, in a word, looked through the heads of the sons and daughters of Eve as easily as though they were of glass, and the motives therein working, labouring bees.

The Intruder Rebuked.—Jerrold and some friends were dining in a private room at a tavern. After dinner, the landlord appeared, and having informed the company that the house was partly under repair, and that he was inconvenienced for want of room, requested that a stranger might be allowed to take a chop at a separate table in the apartment. The company assented, and the stranger, a person of common-place appearance, was introduced. He ate his chop in silence; but, having finished his repast he disposed himself for those forty winks which make the sweetest sleep of gourmets. But the stranger snored so loudly and inharmoniously that conversation was disturbed. Some gentlemen of the party now jarred glasses, or shuffled upon the floor, determined to arouse the obnoxious sleeper. Presently

the stranger started from his sleep to his legs, and shouted to Jerrold, "I know you, Mr. Jerrold; but you shall not make a butt of me!" "Then don't bring your hog's head in here," was the prompt reply.

Authors and Scholars.—Can it be true that, since the days of Johnson and Savage, they have descended a story and live in third floors? Are they now, I will not say endured, but received into what is called good society? Does the moralist no longer dine behind a book-seller's screen, that he may hide his dilapidated shoes? Is the author, in these days of light, no longer considered an equivocal something between a *pick-pocket* and a *magician*? Is the poet only a "little lower" in the household of the great than the under-butler? In a word, is it possible, in the present state of the world, that a man can write an epic, a play, a novel, a lyric, and at the same time be considered a gentleman? It is so! History, biography, satire cease to be cups and balls; poetry is no longer *hocus pocus*!

The Money-Lender.—He moves stealthily as an *ague*: as though haunted by the memory of a thousand acts that have written him down in the private memoranda of Lucifer. Had he lived in Spain, he would have made an excellent familiar of the Inquisition; he would with demoniacal complacency have applied the thumbscrew, the burning pincers, and the molten lead. Born in England, bred an attorney, and adding to his professional cares the anxieties of money-lender, he is yet enabled to satisfy his natural and acquired lust of evil, and he therefore gets up costs. He has never stood at the bar of a police office, and yet his hands are dyed with the *blood of broken hearts*.

A Kitchen-Maid on Dress.—I don't insist on ringlets in the house, but when I go out, I'm my own mistress. I've given up two places for my bird-of-paradise feather—it looks quite alive in my white chip!—and would give up twenty. After slaving among pots and pans for a month, it is so sweet to be sometimes taken for a lady on one's Sunday out.

Heartless Mistress.—They think poor servants have no more flesh and blood than a porridge-skillet. They can have their comfortable courtings in their parlours and drawing-rooms, and then, with their very toes at the fire, they can abuse a poor servant for only whispering a bit of love, all among the snow, perhaps in the area.

Respectability.—Turn where we will we see the evil of what is call "respectability;" we hate the very word, as Falstaff hated lime. It has carried its white-

wash into every corner of the land—it has made weak and insipid the wine of life.

Woman's Tears.—What women would do if they could not cry, nobody knows. They are treated badly enough as it is, but if they could not cry when they liked, how they would be put upon—what poor, defenceless creatures they would be!

Nature has been very kind to them. Next to the rhinoceros, there is nothing in the world armed like a woman. And she knows it.

The Comfort of Ugliness.—We cannot say—and in truth it is a ticklish question to ask of those who are best qualified to give an answer—if there really be not a comfort in substantial ugliness; in ugliness that, unchanged, will last a man his life; a good granite face in which there shall be no wear and tear. A man so appointed is saved many alarms, many spasms of pride. Time cannot wound his vanity through his features; he eats, drinks, and is merry, in despite of mirrors. No acquaintance starts at sudden alteration—hinting, in such surprise, decay and the final tomb. He grows older with no former intimates—churchyard voices—crying, "How you're altered!" How many a man might have been a truer husband, a better father, firmer friend, more valuable citizen, had he, when arrived at legal maturity, cut off—say, an inch of his nose!

The New American Cyclopædia, A popular Dictionary of General Knowledge; edited by Geo. Ripley & Chas. A. Dana, volumes first and second. D. Appleton & Co., New York: 1858.

After a somewhat critical examination of the first two volumes of this comprehensive Encyclopedia, we feel ourselves justified in saying that it promises to be one of the most thorough, trustworthy, and elaborate works of its class ever presented to the reading public in any age or country. And first among its great merits, we would notice its conservative nationality of spirit. The individual and political opinions of its Editors are nowhere obtruded; on the contrary, the plan of the work necessitates the employment of the talent and learning of writers of *all sections*; and thus a Catholicity of tone is obtained, an honesty of statement, and a broad representative value, the advantages of which it would be hard to overestimate. For the first time in our literary history, the South, its authors and their performances, are to be presented fully and fairly before the world. We understand that Simms,

Cooke, Kennedy, and many other competent literary gentlemen have already been engaged as contributors: no possibility, therefore, exists of ignoring Southern intellect and its worthy achievements.

Considered in a wider sense, as "a popular Dictionary of General Knowledge," the *Cyclopædia*, if kept up to the high standard of the volumes before us, will deserve a reputation in no way inferior to that of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and the *Encyclopédie Moderne* of the French.

The Editors themselves have tersely explained the objects of the work in the following paragraph:

"It is the design of the New American Cyclopædia to furnish a condensed exhibition of the present state of human knowledge upon the most important subjects of inquiry.

"The discussion of the controverted points of science, philosophy, religion, or politics, does not enter within the compass of the plan; but it aims exclusively at an accurate and impartial account of the development of opinion in the exercise of thought, of the results of physical research, of the prominent events in the history of the world, of the most significant productions of literature and art, and of the celebrated individuals whose names have become associated with the conspicuous phenomena of their age."

The work has attracted considerable attention abroad. The notices we have seen in English papers are characteristically unfair. The *Athenæum*, especially, has done itself little credit in a peevish criticism of some length, confined to a comment upon errors (or what it alleges to be errors,) of the most minute and unimportant kind. The failure of that astute journal to detect any faults or omissions of magnitude, proves the general trustworthiness of the work it has striven in a small way to depreciate.

We observe in conclusion, that this Cyclopædia will be published *exclusively by subscription* in fifteen large 8vo. volumes, each containing 750 two-column pages: the price of each volume handsomely bound in cloth, is but *three dollars*, so that the entire set may subsequently be obtained at the small sum-total of *forty-five dollars*.

Among our recent *Exchanges*, we instance with pleasure a literary weekly published at Oxford, (N. C.) under the Editorship of T. B. Kingsbury, Esq. It is entitled the *Leisure Hour*, and judging from the numbers before us, which we have carefully read, we have no hesitation in saying that it is conducted

with a degree of taste, ability, and judicious care, which should ensure it a wide circulation. The *Editor's department* is especially well managed. Mr. Kingsbury displays unusual tact in his selections, and great sprightliness and talent in his original articles.

We hope that this excellent journal may succeed, but we cannot, in candor, say that our hope is particularly sanguine. There is one serious drawback to the general success of the *Leisure Hour*: it is *too independent and intellectual*!

If it pandered to the taste of the mob by frequent abstracts of the tales, and essays which "adorn" the columns of certain "literary" weeklies published in Philadelphia, New York, and London—if it contained much matter that was equivocal, and a little downright blackguardism and wickedness—we should have no doubt of its being patronized to a remunerative point.

As it is, Mr. Kingsbury must be content to share the fate of most Southern literary journalists; that is, after labouring strenuously, he must be content with little praise and no profit; he must be prepared for sneering opposition, and shallow criticism, for a superabundance of "kind advice," and a beggarly meagreness of *substantial* aid; in a word, let him adopt forthwith the creed of that profound practical philosopher, who declared, "blessed are those who expect *nothing*, for verily they shall not be disappointed!"

Sporting in Both Hemispheres. By J. D'Ewes, Esq., author of "China, Australia, and the Islands of the Pacific." G. Routledge & Co., London: 1858.

Mr. D'Ewes seems to be a gentleman of elegant leisure, who from his earliest youth has followed the bent of his own inclinations, which have led him into all sorts of field sports and adventures in both hemispheres. He began life by going to India as a Cadet, where his ardent sporting propensities were gratified by boar and tiger hunts, not to speak of indiscriminate massacres of every variety of smaller game.

Mr. D'Ewes is a great gossip, and very much of an egotist, but he writes pleasantly, and with spirit. Here is a specimen of his descriptive powers taken from a chapter called, "Deer Shooting in Hungary:"

"I had hardly composed myself into my first sleep, after reading some pages of a romance, when Piotr entered my room, cap in hand, and made signs to me respectfully to get up immediately. I jumped out upon the bear-skin, my eyes half opened, and dressed in haste by the light of a candle he had brought,

It was exactly one o'clock in the morning. Our lantern went out after we had crossed the park, and we were left in total darkness. The obscurity was so complete that I could not distinguish a tree. I walked behind my guide, and, although he knew every inch of the way, and passed along it three hundred and sixty-five times in the year, he had some difficulty in making out the road with certainty.

We had passed a slate-mine, where the poor labourers, even more matutinal than ourselves, were already at work, and were gradually ascending the bottom of a narrow ravine near a torrent, the noise of which served us as a guide for our steps. In the most difficult places, Piotr always stopped to offer me his hand. At one time, indeed, when it was necessary to cross the torrent, he took me without ceremony upon his broad shoulders, and carrying a gun in each hand, we thus traversed the river.

"In spite of these nocturnal difficulties, we arrived at our post one hour before daybreak. It was on the point of an ascent, where, on the first approach of day, we could perceive all the valley that lay at our feet, and the opposite slopes of the hills. The morning air was very cold, and the heavy clouds above our heads discharged a rainy mist of a moist, icy, and penetrating character. I was much heated by my walk and the ascent of the mountain, and the reaction of the cold was so great, in my present inactive position, that my teeth chattered, and I felt completely benumbed. The good keeper took pity on me, and seemed to entreat me by the most pathetic gestures to return. He pointed out the threatening appearance of the sky, the road to the house, and even made a rude representation of my pillow on which I was so comfortably sleeping. His mute eloquence was, however, unsuccessful. I had not come 400 leagues for nothing, and seeing I had made up my mind to remain, Piotr was not long in making his own arrangements; and buttoning up his long grey coat, with green facings, close to the chin, he squeezed his huge person into a thicket, struck a light for his pipe, and soon a thick volume of smoke, issuing from his nest, gave it the appearance of a charcoal furnace. I remained, however, firm in my position, as a sentinel on duty, the wind whistling around me, and the rain falling in gutters from the corners of my shooting cap. At the first gleam of twilight I perceived, or thought I could make out, for I could not well judge of the distance, a brown mass, which certainly was no shadow. I attempted to point my rifle, but could not distinguish the sight. To shoot at random was to risk all the chances of

frightening any deer in the vicinity, for an uncertainty; besides, I had only a confused vision of the beast, and it might be one of those diminutive and half-wild horses which are suffered to range about the country. I abstained, therefore, from trying the dangerous experiment, and was rewarded for my pains. The daylight soon began to appear, and at the same time the rain ceased. Piotr issued from his lair, and leaving me standing as a sentry, went to make a reconnaissance of the surrounding country. He returned with a quickened pace in a few minutes, and by his animated gestures I saw he was the bearer of good news. Indeed, after having led me about fifty paces from the post I had quitted, he stretched his arm towards the opposite slopes, and directing my sight by the barrel of his carbine, pointed out the cause of his cheerfulness. It was a noble stag, in a position worthy of the pencil of an artist. He was standing in the midst of an open space, his head and neck extended upwards, and, notwithstanding the distance, we could count the numerous branches of his magnificent horns. Near him was a group of hinds and fawns. There he stood, the true sovereign of the forest. It was an easy and agreeable occupation to admire this beautiful group, but the most difficult part remained to be accomplished—to get within shot of the stag.—By a long circuit, under cover of the woods, we might be enabled to approach much nearer to him, but even then we could not arrive within at least three gunshots, and the interval that separated us was a short coppice of a year's growth, where he was grazing with his seraglio, as if they were in a meadow. I lay down at full length on my left side, holding my rifle in the right hand, close to my body, and by the aid of my elbows and heels, glided gently through the wet grass like a snake. Two cuckoos, with their morning song, assisted to drown the slight rustling noise I made in my passage, and by dint of many scratches, and much perseverance, I managed to arrive within shot of the stag, who continued to graze without dreaming of coming danger.

"I half raised myself, the light was favourable, no cover protected the victim, and taking steady aim I placed my ball just behind the shoulder. The poor beast made a tremendous bound upwards, and fell upon its head, uttering a low cry. He was stone dead. Piotr came running up breathless with joy, and proud of my success. We tied the four legs of the stag together, and, passing a long pole between them, carried him with much difficulty, one behind and the other before, to the house, where

I was glad to return, tired, hungry,
scratched all over, wet to the skin, and
with a violent cold; but, at all events, I
had killed a stag of ten branches in the
Carpathian mountains."

*The course of True Love never did run
smooth. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.
Rudd & Carleton, New York: 1858.*

Mr. Aldrich, the junior Editor of the "Home Journal," has been for several years known to the public, as a poet of great richness of fancy and peculiar grace of art and feeling. In the exquisite little volume which he has just published—a perfect model of typographical design—he favors us with a pleasant eastern story, the facts of which we are gravely informed, may be authenticated by a reference to that veracious chronicle, the *Tellmenow Isitsoör-not*, a "work somewhat rare in this country, but occasionally to be met with at old Book Stalls." The manner in which this story is told, has greatly charmed us. As for the plot, it is very simple, and may be unfolded in a few words. The famous Haroun Al Raschid fascinated by the sense and affability of Giaffer, a wit and a poet, and in order that he may enjoy his society without violating the rigid forms of eastern etiquette, decrees a marriage between him and his royal sister Abbassa; but "with the capricious restriction that they shall forbear the privileges of such a union." "The lovers thinking to overcome the Caliph's whim after marriage, conceded to the condition, but they reckoned without their host. * * The Caliph proved as ice to all their entreaties. Nature at length broke through this despotic prohibition," and the consequence is, the murder of poor Giaffer by the hand of the incensed tyrant. The sensuous beauty of the descriptive portions of the poem (and most of it is descriptive) is heightened and made effective by an easy melodiousness of versification which proves Mr. Aldrich to be a true and delicate artist. We advise the reader to take up the book upon some sultry summer noon, when his pulses are languid, and his heart attuned to the soft influences of the time and season.

We will extract a few specimen passages, regretting our inability at present to enter into a more elaborate criticism. The poem begins with a picture of the Caliph musing:

"At Bagdad in his gold Kiosk
Haroun Al Raschid sat that day;
A through the carven trellis-work
The sunshine drifted in and lay
In argent diamonds on his face;
And gleamed across the golden lace

That ran like lightning through his robes;
And seemed to split two crystal globes
Of gold-fish on two jasmine desks;
And fired the costly arabesques;
And falling on the fountain, turned
Its spray to gems that glowed and burned—

A spiked knot of crysolite
That made a splendor in the place!
But most it loved the Caliph's face:
And it was at the noon of day,
On cushions cygnet-soft he lay
Unconscious of the garish light:
Untasted stood his food and ice;
Unheeded were the winds that drew
The lemon trees all ways, and blew
The gentlest gales from Paradise."

"How Giaffer passed the night" after his marriage, is thus described:

"He could not sleep, for lo! he saw
A pair of eyes that banished rest,
A star-sweet face, with clouds of hair
That fain would lie upon his breast.
And straight he saw how fair she was,
How some kind fairy at her birth
Had left a glory on her brow
And taught her all the charms on earth!
Her hair he said is silken night,
Her eyes in tender mist are drowned,
Her mouth, a little ruby place,
Where pearls for sultans may be found!
And with this sort of eastern talk
He made the moments seem less long;
But wearying of forced delight
He brooded on his cruel wrong
And bit the blood into his lips,
And tore the turban from his head:—
By Allah! that must be the lamp
In beauty's chamber! Giaffer said;
And lo! it was Abbassa's room
Abbassa's room just opposite!
And in the window was a light
That stretch'd across the garden gloom,
And seemed a bridge of fire, whereon
The vizier might have stolen to her:
And there he stood and did not stir
Until the rising of the sun!

The Young Men's Magazine, published by N. A. Calkins, New York, and edited by Richard C. McCormick, is a work specially devoted, as the title implies, to the interests, religious and intellectual, of the young men of the country.

It is conducted with discretion, ability and vigor. We have found the staple of its articles not only sound and judicious, but frequently marked by originality, both of subject and treatment. This is a great merit, the possession of which added to the noble object of the work, entitles the Magazine in question to general support and favor. It is handsomely published at 348 Broadway, and the subscription price is but \$1 50 per annum.